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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of *nearly Seventy Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

THRILLING NARRATIVE OF A SHIP-WRECKED PASSENGER ON BOARD THE "CENTRAL AMERICA."

IT may appear a frivolous remark, but I never embarked on a voyage with such misgivings as I felt when the *Central America* steamed from Aspinwall. I hope I am not unduly superstitious; but thrice in my life, and thrice only, have I been visited with a terrible nightmare—a hideous monster, resembling pictures I have seen of winged devils, squatting on my chest, and throttling me with its bony fingers, till I woke with a real rattle in my throat, and a clammy perspiration bursting from my forehead. Thrice, I say, this horrid nightmare has visited me. The first time, I got up, absolutely unnerved, and found the house on fire, and my young brother beyond the reach of rescue. Again, years afterward, the terrible spectre reappeared: I woke, sat up all night in an agony of dread; finding all safe when daylight came, I fancied that my fears were baseless; till the post arrived, bringing me tidings of the death of one for whom I would willingly have surrendered my own life. I was visited by the same dream the night before we sailed from Aspinwall.

I would have staid behind had I had the least reasonable pretext. But there were some in these Atlantic States who were anxiously expecting me. I could not disappoint them—especially for my dream's sake; I sailed, with gloomy forebodings which were at times almost overwhelming.

You have read in the published accounts the narrative of our voyage from Aspinwall to Havana, and from thence to sea again. At Havana I was sorely tempted to wait for the next steamer. I did not like the *Central America*; I distrusted her when she bore the name of the *George Law*, and the change of name did not tend to increase my confidence in her seaworthiness. But after all, I had not the courage to be swayed by my fears.

On the morning of Thursday the 10th when I went on deck the gale was high, and the ship was laboring heavily. I did not at that time realize the danger that was approaching; I was so cool and confident that I derived amusement from watching the nervous fears of some of the passengers. There was a young boy among the latter whose dread of drowning was visible in his blanched face; every wave that approached made him quiver and tremble; I could notice his teeth chatter as the steamer rose over the huge seas; when I rallied him, he shuddered and crossed himself—he was a devout Catholic, the son of pious Spanish parents.

I walked the deck during most of the day, and toward evening accepted an invitation to play with some Californian friends. The gale, the whistling of the wind, the uneasy groaning of the ship, the rumors of a "regular September storm" which were already afloat among the passengers, heightened the excitement of our play; we began with $2 50 stakes—we soon made them twenties. An open basket of Champagne stood beside us: one or two of the party sang hilarious songs; the vote passed to play "till the wind went down." I won several hundred dollars, perhaps thousands—I hardly know. About three or four A. M., on Friday, I asked permission to lie down for an hour, promising to resume my place afterward. My friends consented reluctantly. I had hardly stretched myself on a berth, and closed my eyes, when I *felt* the darkness gathering itself into a form—I felt a growing weight on my chest—I felt an increasing tightness about my throat—I knew what it meant; it was my dream returning.

I sprang out of bed and rushed on deck. It was pitch dark; and the north wind blew so that I could not keep my footing without holding on. The steamer was working slowly. The officer of the watch and the crew looked very anxious and were unusually alert.

From that moment I foreknew our fate!

I went below, and declaring that I would play no more, I drew from my belt my winnings and laid them on the table.

"Gentlemen," said I, "will any of you cut for these, or shall I give them to the Orphan Asylum at San Francisco?"

M—— (poor fellow! he is gone, I fear) had been losing and drinking freely; he accepted the challenge.

I cut a ten, but held it in my hand so that he could not see it; he cut a seven.

"Lost!" said I to him, pushing him the money.

"What's your card?"

"A six."

Throwing the cards into a heap, I walked out of the state-room, and proceeded to make my arrangements for the catastrophe. They were few and simple. I had a large amount in gold with me, and several drafts—the product of years of arduous and persevering labor in the hardest of fields—California. The former I rolled into a bundle, and threw into a corner of the state-room.

I could not help laughing bitterly at this. Here were several—no matter how many—thousand dollars in gold, which had cost me years of hard work to earn. A few hours before, those who know me will not need to be told that I would not have shrunk from spilling blood to defend it. Patent locks, revolvers, and extra prudence had all been called into play to transport it thus far safely; and now I kicked it into the corner of the state-room with as little ceremony as if it had been a dirty shirt, walked out, and left the door open.

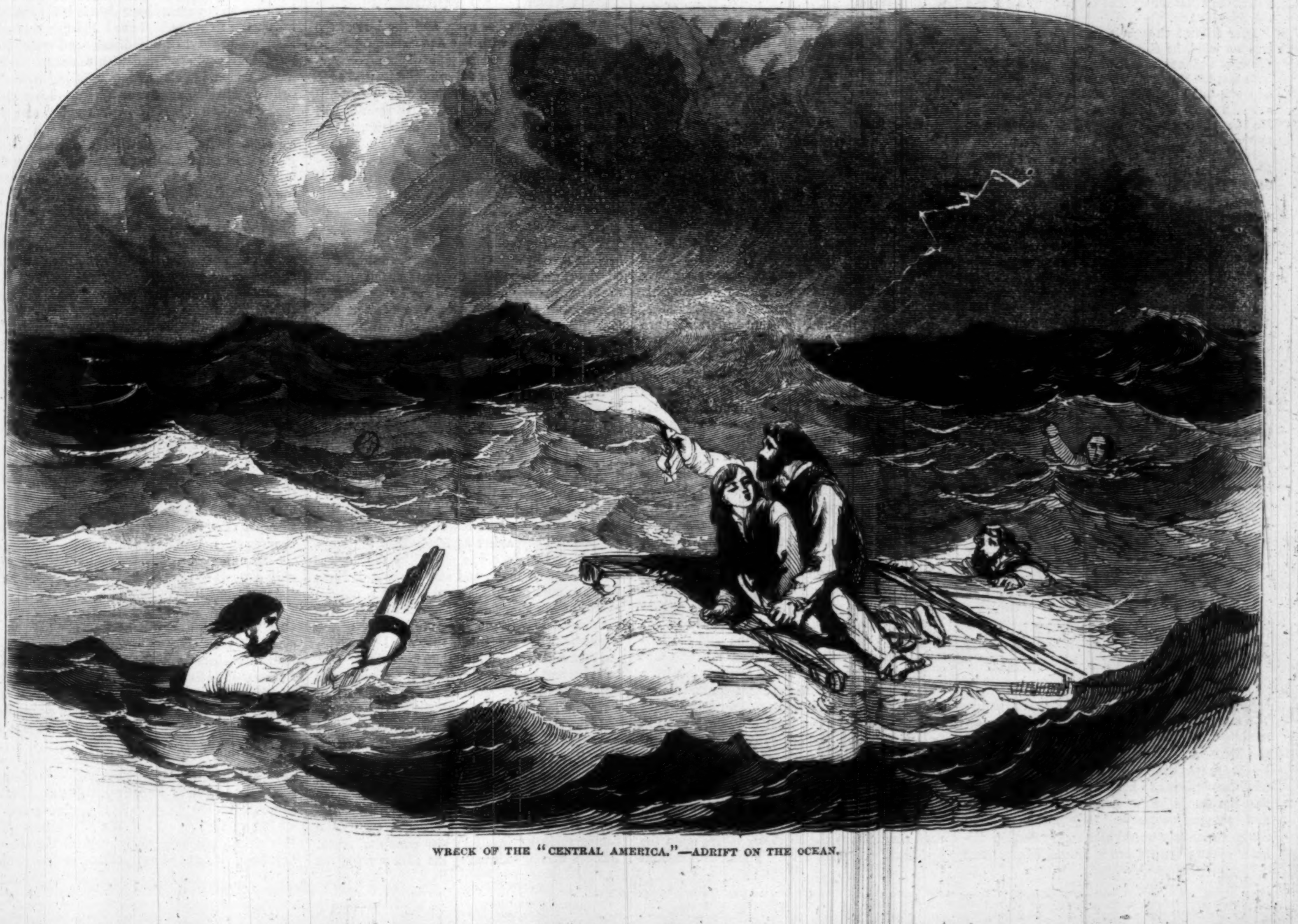
Before the day was over I ceased to think myself singular. On Friday night a man might have had a fortune for the gathering; several poor fellows went to the bottom with rolls of stolen gold round their waist.

It was about mid-day on Friday, as near as I can recollect, that the steamer became unmanageable, and the pumps were rigged. Sails of various kinds were set to try to keep her head to the storm, but without success. Then the fore-yard, with an anchor fast to it, was put overboard to act as a drag; but it had no effect beyond impeding the working of the forward pump. We lay fairly in the trough of the sea, which washed over us and into us. Under the direction of Captain Herndon, gangs of men were formed to work the pumps. I joined one of them, and wrought, I hope I may say, zealously and faithfully, as long as my strength lasted. Some on board said that they were out of order, and threw out no water; others, again—and among these the ship's officers—encouraged us to persevere, with many assurances that we were gaining on "the leak." I am not a sailor, and can not undertake to decide among these conflicting opinions. I never had much belief myself in the theory of "the leak," and I was prepared to believe that the pumps threw out no water. We were in the trough of the sea, and could not keep our head to windward. What more need I say?

I had not slept on Thursday night; needed no sleep on the following one. Went down below, and talked to the ladies about the prospect of our being saved, striving to encourage them. The storm raged more furiously than ever, and the steamer careened over almost on her beam ends. The poor creatures lay huddled together in heaps, a few silent and thoughtful, but the most of them nervous and restless. Went to M——'s room, and found him asleep, with the money he had won from me under his pillow. Sat down on a chest, and began to recall the stories of shipwrecks I had read in days gone by. Captain Bligh's was the one I remembered best. While I was sitting there the steamer gave a sudden lurch, and threw some one upon me.

It was the Spanish boy. He was crying. I suppose he was not a manly boy, but his feeling was quite human. He was very much afraid of being drowned, *and he, like myself, foresaw our fate.* I tried to cheer him up. He took a little cross from his neck, and showed it me, saying that his sister had given it him when he left home, and begging me to let her know, if he were drowned and I escaped, that all his thoughts at that terrible moment were about her.

On Saturday morning those who, unlike myself, had derided the storm, began to look serious. M—— accosted me with assumed bravado, and asked if I would go finish the game.



WRECK OF THE "CENTRAL AMERICA."—ADRIFT ON THE OCEAN.

"Providence will do that for us," said I, mournfully, for my spirit was gone.

I believe—I sorrow to say it—that M—— and some of his friends went below to play, and that they went into the presence of their Maker with cards in their hands.

Suffer me to pause a single instant in this gloomy narrative to pay a just tribute of admiration to the noble fellows who suffered the women and children to be taken off to the brig. Remember that we were five hundred, all of us armed; that the Captain and crew could not have kept us back for five minutes if we had chosen to seize the boats. True, there were many among us who considered the steamer safer than the boats. But the majority of the Californians knew that the former was sinking. None to whom I spoke entertained any delusive hopes on the point. Rescue from passing vessels was the only resource to which nine-tenths of the passengers looked. Yet, with one or two trivial exceptions, not a man interfered with the embarkation of the women and children. Considering the character and antecedents of the bulk of the passengers, this conduct appears to me to be unequaled in history.

It was dark when our last hour came. The wind had fallen, but the sea was running in high, massive waves. Heavy clouds hid the sky, with occasional flashes of lightning, and now and then, as the clouds shifted, a glimpse of a star. There was a general silence on board, interrupted now and then by boisterous shouts from revelers below.

Waves had washed over us before. I did not realize the difference between this one and its predecessors till I felt my feet lose their hold, and saw all dark above. I knew that I was going down—down—down. I tried to resist the downward suction, but it was impossible. Down, slowly, very slowly down, I went, till I was in the depths of the deep, and the pressure of the water on my ears and nose was excruciatingly painful. I think I fainted in consequence. If I did, the sensation of rapid motion through the water revived me. I was rising to the surface. I never realized the power of water before. My utmost strength could not in the least moderate or alter my motion.

Oh! it was heart-rending to hear that shriek which rose from the belly of the waves as five hundred men rose from the depths and found themselves floating on the surface of the ocean, in the night, miles and miles from land. They rose, thick as a shoal of fish, striking each other, and being struck by the fragments of the wreck which had been submerged with the ship. What death-grapples for pieces of the wreck! One of the last sights I saw was the gleam of a knife as a burly fellow cut the hands of a fellow-passenger from a spar in order to keep it from himself. I needed all my strength, myself, to protect myself from the deadly grasp of drowning men.

After a time a piece of the wreck floated toward me. A man was clinging to it. I called to him, and asked whether it would support two? No answer. I called again. Still no answer. I swam to him, and seized him by the arm. He was dead, but his hands still clung to the timber. I had no hesitation in taking a place on the fragment, which, indeed, would have supported several persons. Looking about me, to find some one to share it with, I descried a head in the darkness, and hailed. It approached near enough for me to grasp it. I pulled the swimmer up, and discovered that it was the Spanish boy.

Poor fellow! though it was warm, and there was no wind, he shivered from head to foot. I knew, at a glance, that it was a death-shudder. I bade him hold on firmly, lest a wave should sweep him off; but I had hardly said the words when I saw him press his little cross to his lips—a huge sea swept over us—he was gone, and I saw him no more.

He was the last of my fellow-passengers whom I beheld that night. The cruel sea soon separated us, and I was alone. Fear had gone from me; escape seemed utterly out of the question. I now observed proper precautions—more with a view of carrying out conscientiously a curious experiment than from any belief that I might be saved. Several times the thought of precipitating my end by plunging into the sea occurred to me; I do not know why I repelled it.

Hours passed. Psychological students will understand me when I say that I was busily engaged in composing, mentally, a business letter to accompany account sales—polishing and rounding the sentences, altering a word here, adding a phrase there, and even inserting with most exact care each comma and period—when a cry like thunder—"Ahoy, there!"—woke me up, and I found myself close under the quarter of a ship.

How I got on board I hardly know. That I was saved; that I lay down on board the deck of our preserver and cried like a child for an hour or more; that I was most generously and humanely treated; and that a lifetime of devotion would be but an adequate return for the obligation I incurred, I am here to testify.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1857.

PROGRESS OF THE FINANCIAL TROUBLES.

THE suspension of the Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington Banks, accompanied by the failure of several first-class mercantile houses in this and other cities, proved that last week was not to be a week of respite. Now that the figures are before us, it is easy to see that the Banks in our sister cities were unduly and insecurely expanded. But the suspension of the merchants would alone show that the disaster sprang from more universal causes than financial mismanagement on the part of individuals or institutions.

It is foolish to disguise the fact: we are in the midst of a convulsion such as the country has not known for twenty years. The disorder is general, not local; deep-seated, not superficial; organic, not accidental. We are paying the necessary penalty of habitual over-trading. The cause is radical, and common to the whole country; the effect will therefore be felt throughout the country, and felt deeply and severely.

Schuyler, the knave, was an instrument of good as well as evil. But for the shock produced by his knaveries, we should have had the revulsion three years ago. When he overissued New Haven stock, we had been going on buying more than we could pay for, manufacturing worthless securities and selling them, speculating wildly and spending extravagantly for twelve or thirteen years. All this was certain to yield a fruit of financial disaster. And that fruit was near maturity when Providence permitted him to check the tide of speculation. He postponed the evil day full three years—a gigantic boon. But he did but postpone; he did not avert, he did not cure.

Fifteen years of prosperity such as the United States had never known followed the depression which began in 1837. Those fifteen years witnessed an annual importation of five dollars' worth of foreign goods for every three dollars' worth of native produce exported; an expenditure of a thousand millions of dollars in unproductive railways; in the large cities a lavish outlay in living, rents, dress, luxuries, and ornament, such as no European capital can parallel. For a time the consequences of this unwholesome state of things were postponed by three causes—the production of California gold, the demand for American securities abroad, and the dishonest devices of our principal financiers. These three barriers against fate have broken down. The gold costs all it is worth, the securities are no longer saleable, the financiers have been found out and have broken down. Hence, it now devolves upon us to pay the deferred penalty of our mis-trading and mis-living, with the interest that has accumulated since that penalty became due.

By a happy interposition of Providence, we are enabled to meet the emergency under unusually favorable conditions. We have an uncommonly bountiful crop in the North, and our cotton commands an immediate sale at inordinate prices. In all probability these blessings will save the country from the deep-spread and abiding disaster which we have courted.

But for the moment our suffering can not but be very severe. One needs but to realize the fact that very few failures of consequence have taken place in New York, Boston, or Ohio—notwithstanding the enormous pressure and the obvious unsoundness of much of our trade—to feel satisfied that the worst is not past. God grant that the blow may fall where it can be borne, and that the period to elapse between the present time and the receipt of the crops at the sea-board, may be withstood manfully and unflinchingly by the merchants!

A METROPOLIS.

IT is no disgrace for a flower to be a violet instead of a peony, and the second violin is as essential to the harmony of the orchestra as the first. Neither need a man of sense and spirit bewail that he is only five feet five high instead of five feet eleven, in which average inches his neighbor rejoices. And yet it would be amusing if the short gentleman insisted not only upon his equal talents with his neighbor, but upon an equal height; and the more especially if the tall gentleman were quietly minding his own business.

These pleasing and innocent generalities are suggested by the intrepid manner in which many journals not published in New York insist upon denying to that city the dignity of a metropolis. We are not aware that any of the city papers devote themselves to metropolitan self-laudation, or habitually launch at other cities the withering sneer of "provincial." But if we were to judge from much of the newspaper eloquence that meets our eyes, there is a felonious conspiracy against the comfort and complacency of other towns perpetually brewing in this town of the Manhattoes, and a fell determination upon the part of that race of burghers to lord it over the land. The valiant other-siders, or out-of-this-towners, or by whatsoever other name they may be called, without assumption of metropolitan honors to ourselves, hurl foul scorn at New York and its claims, as the English did in Armada days at Parma and Spain; and the irritation seems to have reached such a height that it may be of good service to poultice it with a little sensible talk about the character and claims of a metropolis.

That New York is a large city, the largest in fact, with its suburbs, of any city upon the continent, is a safe and wary premise. That it has a happy situation, fine streets, splendid residences, noble public institutions, even the inhabitants of East Haddam will probably concede. That it has a vast commerce and extensive railroad connections the brotherly lovers upon the Delaware would not deny. Then our Southern friends will admit that they enjoy the week in the early summer and the month in these golden autumn days which they are wont to give to us, flouncing in silken confusion along Broadway, or decorating our festal Academy with their light toilets and lovely faces. Our other friends among the Green Mountains and on the Mississippi will confess an interest in "York fashions" which they entertain for the modes of no other town; and it is in the same "York" that the great *artistes* usually unvail their voices and their faces to the Western world—excepting always La Traviata Gazzaniga. To New York, also, come the pictures which the English painters hope to form into a permanent exhibition, and here, and not otherwhere, the Dusseldorf Gallery and the Bryan Gallery were established and are maintained.

On the other hand, our streets are undeniably dirty, and our opera is intermittent. But in this New York does not differ from smaller and larger cities, although at this moment it has a better opera and finer concerts than any spot in the world.

Properly speaking, no city in this country can ever be metropolitan in the European sense. In a monarchy, the metropolis is necessarily the large city in which the court resides; and it derives its metropolitan character from the influences of the court, the large circle of lazy and elegant do-nothings—a society in which ranks are recognized—and the profuse expenditure of money which is not accumulated by the spender. Luxury, taste, wealth, education, population, and a superior class which is not commercial—these are the elements of a European metropolis. None of them are commercial cities. Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, are all inland. Naples lies on the sea, but only as a villa lies upon a lake. The metropolitan character, as it is understood in Europe, is inconsistent with an atmosphere of trade. In London, Belgravia has the same feeling for "the city" that it has for the "provincial" towns, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham.

But the character of a metropolis in Europe is of very small importance to us. In this country we propose to have no elegant circles of do-nothings. Every man is a worker. Our cities are all full of the evidences of it, and our largest and most-conveniently accessible town must be our central city or metropolis. It will not be another Paris or London, and it would be a great pity if it were. But there can be no harm in calling it a metropolis. The greater extent and copiousness of its resources will stamp a grandiose character upon all that it does. Naturally and properly talent will more and more set toward it. It will rear greater institutions; its citizens will have a greater pride in character; and some time, extremes meeting, it may have its Charles Lamb to make it as poetic as the country.

UNPUNISHED MURDERERS.

THE nine days are over, and the loss of the *Central America*, with her five hundred human beings, has ceased to be a topic of public conversation, and a theme for editorial comment. Like all the other slaughters by land and by flood, it will soon be forgotten, and no vengeance will be taken on the authors of the calamity, no effort even made to find them out. Yet it is monstrously palpable that some individual or individuals are directly and immediately responsible for that awful catastrophe. It was not the act of God; it was the guilty act of Man.

Let us look at the facts. All the accounts agree in stating that on Friday, the 11th September, the fires by some means became extinguished, the engines stopped, the steamer fell off into the trough of the sea, and in such a storm necessarily foundered within a few hours afterward. On this point—but on this alone—all the witnesses are agreed. It is a very remarkable fact, and demands more explanation than it has elicited.

By what means were the fires extinguished? Some witnesses—among others those most interested in making out a case for the ship's officers—assert that the ship sprang a leak, that the pumps would not work, and that the water rose so high as to extinguish the fires. But others, and among these such reliable witnesses as Captain Badger, positively deny that the steamer sprang a leak before the engines were stopped. They assert or imply that the stoppage of the engines was caused by the neglect of the chief engineer, and that the leak or leaks which caused her to fill were the effect, not the cause, of the stoppage of the machinery. We are bound to say, on a careful review of the whole evidence published, that this latter opinion seems better sustained than any other. But, be it correct or be it incorrect, the owners and officers of the *Central America* are placed in a serious dilemma.

If the stoppage of the machinery was caused by a leak, then the ship was evidently not seaworthy, for she ought to have sprung no leak in such a sea, with her head to windward; and the production of certificates from the builder to establish her sea-worthiness (as though the builder would, under any circumstances, certify the contrary) is an insult to our common sense. Besides which, presuming the leak sprung, the failure of the pumps to counteract it and keep the water under, implies palpable unseaworthiness.

If, on the other hand, the fires went out without being extinguished by water from a leak—as Captain Badger and others positively declare was the case—then the chief engineer and the other officers are clearly responsible for the calamity which ensued, and one in fact guilty of manslaughter.

Taking either view of the case, we have some one person or persons loaded with the responsibility of the disaster. Whether it be the owners or the chief engineer we do not undertake to say; but one of the two seems clearly to be guilty.

We pass over the stories which have been printed about the bad name of the *George Law* alias *Central America*. It has been notorious for months that many judicious persons would not sail in her; and rumor busily asserts that an antagonism of the most fatal character existed between the captain and the chief engineer; that the pumps were in woeful inefficiency; and that, generally, the discipline on board the ships of this line is loose and bad.

But these are incidental matters. The main point is—how were the fires extinguished? On that point the whole issue turns. And it is an issue which it concerns the public interest to decide. It is an issue which must be decided.

We had hoped to hear, ere this, that the United States District Attorney had taken the measures which are incumbent upon him to elicit the truth, and to determine who, if any, are guilty of the innocent lives that have been lost. We presume that, in the event of the ship's unseaworthiness being established, an indictment for manslaughter would lie against the owners; and, in the event of faulty conduct being proved against the engineer, that a like recourse might be taken against him. It is singular, to use the mildest term, that the United States authorities have taken no steps at all. A hint from Washington might well be expected from the vigilance and energy of the President. If the matter be allowed to sleep, the public will conclude that the Government officers are like the Company, which, after parading their intention to make an example of Chief Engineer Ashby, no sooner met him here than they took him to their arms—thereby closing his mouth, and effectually preventing his making any unpleasant disclosures. We have yet to see how Mr. Buchanan will relish this hushing up of crimes.

THE TIMES.

WE have spoken of the season and what we can do to make ourselves worthy of such lovely weather; but we are all more likely to think of the times than of the seasons just now. That we are suffering; that every body wants money—an old want; and can not get it—an old difficulty, is plain enough. That we have all been too extravagant, have drunk costlier wine, have worn richer laces, have bought finer horses than we ought to have drunk, and worn, and bought, is now confessed with the same rueful fervor which impels the boy writhing with the colic to confess the green apples. Like him, too, we are all full of virtuous resolutions; we will be more moderate, more reasonable, more sensible. The girls shall each have one dress less apiece, and that thoughtless boy's bill at the tailor's shall not be suffered to bloat as it has for the last two or three years. The horses can be sold—for the winter, at least. Last year's heavy coat shall be turned, and the new one shall be spared. Cigars must fall one dollar in the thousand. In fine, we will all be good boys, and not eat any more green apples.

It is very evident that whoever comes unquestioned out of the present pressure, comes out much more strongly than he went in. The man who goes to the summit of Mont Blanc, and comes safely down again home to his bed in the pleasant valley of Chamouni, provokes a much more profound admiration than he who stood on the difficult top, waved his hat and all the flags, fired the guns and the rockets, and, coming down, slipped out of sight and out of life in a moment. How many of us have been firing our pistols and letting off our rockets for the last few years! Dear! dear! how they blazed and flashed and spangled the firmament, so that, for one moment, there seemed to be more stars. And then? And then out went the spangles, the guns were dumb, there was only a smell of smoke and burned powder, and "down came the cradle and baby and all."

It is a question whether when a rooster stands on a very high dunghill he had not better reserve his crow till he gets safely off again. A man in business, who has his property at the risk of that business, is standing on Mont Blanc, or—from the rooster point of view—upon a tall dunghill. Let him be entreated and persuaded to hold fast his guns and rockets, and not to wave his banners—whereby he may lose his balance; nor crow too violently—whereby he may split his throat, and find it of no future service. And so of a country. Let us all take care that we are going to have a dinner before we bid a friend to eat it. We might remember that we do not necessarily own all the money that happens to be in our pockets, and its cheer-

ful jingling, rightly heard, shall be another's music.

We see it all very clearly now. That apples should be ripe we are perfectly aware. That promises to pay and broken bank-bills are not money we can demonstrate with eloquence. But how long shall we own it? We were reminded of it in '37 and '47 with urgent emphasis; but we were swept on by the irresistible "course of things," and the "amazing growth of the country." '37 and '47 were nothing but fogies—they were our old grandfathers, so they were, and '57 is their lineal descendant.

Those who come out unquestioned, as we said, will stand more securely than ever. Fortunes are waiting to be made by those who can weather the storm. And those who do not weather it will have taken the pill, Wisdom, in the bitter draught, Experience. But how will it be with those who are about starting, and who will be fully under way in '67? Will they learn from this great distress, or must they have a distress of their own to learn from? Is commercial disaster to be hereditary in the sevens, and lay waste our prosperity every ten years?

These are questions that '57 can answer, and questions which, if not considered duly, '67 will answer, like its predecessors. This time the horse is stolen; shall we have learned to shut the door by the time we have another horse?

NO HOPE!

The recent steamers from England bring us news which is heard through all the din of the Indian horrors and the confused apprehension in our own commercial world. It is intelligence which has been long expected, but which has been fondly deferred by those who have hoped against hope. Mr. Crawford can not long survive; any arrival may inform us of his death.

Talented, young, industrious, and honored, he has won his way to distinction by resolution and self-reliance; and with his greatest work, the statue of Washington at Richmond, Virginia, still unfinished, his hand drops by his side; upon the very verge of greater and assured fame his foot falters, and he shall be seen no more. Yet we are glad to know that the work will be completed from his designs, and thus remain as his own most fitting monument.

For many years Crawford has resided in Rome with very few and brief visits to his home in America. He had built another home in Italy, in which he lived and worked, and in which his heart and hopes were stored. Just a year ago he left America to return to his labors, and was immediately seized with the affection which will probably end his life so soon. It is a tumor formed in the socket of the eye, which skill, and science, and loving care have combated in vain, but which, we understand, leaves him yet with an untouched mind, so that he awaits with calmness and resignation the speedy issue.

To stop in the midst of cherished works upon which love and success smile, to feel the springs of youth and hope still gushing in the heart, and know that they must cease suddenly and forever, and to turn to meet the end, not without natural regrets, but with heroism and humility—that is to be more than an artist; that is to show the quality which dignifies the name of Man.

The poets, the artists, the good men and women, are the real treasures of a country. We lost one of ours when George Steers died—we possess one still in the heroic wife of the Captain Patten. In Thomas Crawford we lose another; a man beloved by his friends, who has helped make Rome a pleasant memory to many a traveler; an artist honored by his country, of a fertile and industrious talent, and of unwearied devotion to his art. Many a lovely form, many a thought of grace scattered far and wide over the land, will make his memory a household word.

In this country we have not so many artists and authors of recognized ability that we can part with one of them without a peculiar and personal regret. When any one of them falls, we have all lost a friend. Even those who have little sympathy for their works, honor the workers, by force of the long tradition of mankind that the poets, and the painters, and the sculptors, hear, and see, and know more than other men of that divine life and immortal beauty which lies all around us in Nature, but is dumb and formless until genius evokes it into the music and the grace of art.

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

In the most beautiful of modern English sonnets, Leigh Hunt tells an Eastern apologue. Abou Ben Adhem asked the recording angel to write, not that he was a man of boundless consideration and influence—not that his frown carried terror and his smile was anxiously awaited—not that he had heaped up gold into a mountain from whose summit he could leap to heaven—not that his praise was in the mouths of all the societies, and corporations, and boards—not that he gave away unnumbered shekels in charity—not that he was a respectable and moral man—but simply "as one who loves his fellow-men." At length the light of heaven fell upon the book,

"And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

We have been reminded of the good man by observing that in the midst of this great and perplexing commercial crisis, when, if ever, selfishness and thoughtlessness of duties to others might be expected and, in a certain way, justified, a sum now amounting to something like twenty thousand dollars has been collected for the relief of the sufferers by the loss of the *Central America*. Disasters seem to develop, if they do not make, heroism and humanity. We have already noticed the calm demeanor of the doomed ship's company; how they helped the helpless in their dire extremity, how they took care to save all the women and children, parting with them with prayers and blessings and fond messages of love and remembrance to the living, and then, with their noble leader, committed their own bodies to the mercies of an angry sea.

The conduct of that company, as it appears in all the statements, was such that we all felt there was little really lost in that catastrophe but the treasure which the ship carried. And the quiet bravery of the passengers served almost to obliterate the knowledge that so great a positive loss of gold had been sustained. Let us now add, that the response upon the land to the consequences of the wreck, have been large and of a like generosity to that conduct. Within three or four days fifteen thousand dollars were collected, and in a time when the dollar was dearer than ever.

It is easy, of course, for men of millions to give hundreds. It may be true that many a man has given money to relieve the consequences of the wreck, who would not have lost ten minutes to avert the chances of it. We say it may be true, although it is beyond probability. Truly speaking, every man would give ten minutes to provide for the possible safety of other men. But even if it were true, is this liberality less honorable and fair?

Why should we scout some virtues because they are not others, or decry generosity because it is not graced with foresight? There can be no doubt that the men who have given gave from their hearts as well as their purses, and we gladly record the fact. In the midst of mercantile gloom we hasten to mark with praise the generosity of merchants, and as in that dreadful wreck, fortitude and self-possession and the noblest qualities triumphed over the loss of life and of treasure, so in the present ruin of prosperity it will be with a thrill of admiration that we all note the fact that there is no ruin of sympathy and kind feeling, and that the tribe of Abou Ben Adhem has fulfilled the poet's prayer, and has indeed "increased."

OLD CLO'!

How bright the days are! what a brilliant season the autumn is! how pleasant to get back again to thicker clothes, to walk without discomfort even in the sun, to go shopping—we ladies for our myriad nameless necessities, we gentlemen for our winter coats and snug waistcoats—and by-and-by, how like the ruddy face of an old friend looking the heartiest welcome shines the newly-lighted fire upon the hearth! Sunny days with cordial air, sparkling over every body and thing; chilly nights, with a virgin moon, with even a delicate silvering of hoarfrost, and with the early friendly fire, warm clothes, warm hearths, warm hearts, the last cheerful book or paper, slippers, the children, and a cup of tea—this is the lovely largess of the season; this is the opulence of autumnal comfort, by which even flowering summer seems poor.

But it is the old fate that what is shall remind us of what is not. In the sweetest air still flies the blackest crow. When we pull over and consider the last year's clothes, marking how this has lost its color, that its fashion; when the warm fire seems to reciprocate our sympathy, and the happy ease of home is more fascinating than the romances we are reading, then let us all remember the clothes that are never changed except as poverty tears them off in tatters, the hearths that are never lighted with more fire than serves to show the hopeless desolation around them, and the hearts that have nothing to lean upon but God and human charity.

Let us roll up the old clothes—even buy a few to add to them; let us lay down the little luxury which we can so easily forego, and invest the amount in coals; let us send bundles and money to Mr. Brace, who hunts up destitute children, or to some other officer of some other society. They are very deceitful and lazy, these poor people, no doubt. It was just like Mrs. O'Breed to have that last baby, and just like her husband to tumble off the ladder and break his legs, at the very time when his legs were most useful and necessary to his family. Yes, it was just like those people to be lying, and drunken, and lazy, and poor, and wretched, and starving. Is it so? Then let it be just like us to be Christian, and charitable, and long-suffering, thinking that it is rather our duty to relieve suffering than to punish the negligence or fault that occasioned it; remembering that we are not dirty, or poor, or drunken, but that we may be—just a little—selfish, and conceited, and grasping; readier to lend our tongues to the thunder of denunciation, than the still small voice of compassion.

And if it is just like us to be charitable rather than severe, those new clothes will be the warmest we ever wore, and the fire that burns so cheerfully in the crisp autumn evenings will not go out with the season, but perpetually comfort our hearts, and blaze before our eyes with a beauty like that which Christian saw upon the towers of the shining city.

A WORD TO LECTURE-GOERS.

We observe that lecturing is about setting in again with its usual severity, like Horace Walpole's summer. We are glad of it. Lectures are like seed sown broadcast. The land may be very sterile, and the seed may be very poor, but in the worst land are some fertile spots, and of a handful of seed some will germinate.

The lecture-room is a compromise between the church and the theatre. It is proper to go, but very improper things may be done there. It is, for instance, reported upon good authority that certain young men and women go to lectures to—flirt! There are persons living who declare that, in some places, apples and peanuts have been eaten before and *during* the lecture!

Its old character of strict instruction would thus seem to have been somewhat changed. In fact, an audience will waive the instruction if the lecturer will raise a laugh or a cry. A lecture of pure instruction is one of the most doleful performances in which a speaker and an audience can engage. It is also that kind which speakers without a humorous or pithy style most warmly commend under the head of "useful" and "improving."

But if we might make a note upon the memories of lecture-goers—even upon yours, for instance, who are reading these words, and who, by reason of many sisters and aunts, are doomed to suffer from endless brilliant bursts of eloquence this winter, it would be this: Choose a seat against the wall, removed from observation and glare of lamps, and to which the voice of the lecturer comes rather as a purling hum than as an eloquent appeal, sit at the end of the bench, lay your head against the friendly wall—and drop asleep.

ENGAGEMENTS IN TIME OF PEACE.

(BY AN EXASPERATED YOUNG LADY.)

My dear Editor,—Will you agree with me in one thing?

Are not "engaged" persons the greatest bores under the sun?

I detest "engagements," and yet more the people who are engaged. What is the use of it, I wonder? Was an engagement ever the slightest check to coquetry, do you suppose? Flirtation *may* interfere with an engagement, but I never heard of an engagement putting a stop to flirtation.

Is not the heroine of a dozen successive "engagements" a common object in society? Is the damsel who owns to half a dozen contemporaneously by any means rare? No. I must say I regard engagements as very great nonsense, and, what is worse, as a very great bore.

There are two sorts of engagement, as the subject exists at present—the foolish and frivolous engagement, which binds nobody, and which nobody minds; and the earnest and solemn engagement, which is a very serious nuisance to every one who is not concerned, and had better be put a stop to at once, I think.

I am particularly angry on the subject just now, and can not refrain from expressing my opinion. I am quite aware that the poet says,

"In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love;"

but, if the verses are to be trusted, the writer himself was a standing example of the justice of my remarks. The presumption at least is that there was an "engagement" between himself and "my cousin Amy," who, nevertheless, behaved very much as any New York belle would have done under the circumstances, and coolly broke it.

But it is tenderness, not Tennyson, I wish to speak about. It seems to me, just now, that every body is "engaged" to every body else; every family contains at least one party to an engagement, and is made wretched accordingly. 'Tis the effect, I suppose, of the steady course of moonlight strolls and shady walks that the young people have been going through for the last few months; but it is very tiresome indeed, I think, and takes all the salt out of "society."

But, unpleasant as it is to accept an invitation, dress yourself nicely and find yourself afterward in a room full of mutual lovers, that is nothing, absolutely nothing, compared with the private and domestic distresses involved in these numerous "engagements." Now I appeal to the deepest feelings of the community, to the homes and hearths (or, rather, in these days of "modern improvements," one should say to the homes and hot-air registers) of a sensitive public. Can any thing equal the annoyance and trouble of an "engagement" in a family? I ask the anxious mother, the non-approving father, the patronizing brother, and last, but not least, the patient and long-suffering sisters, all alike neglected and disregarded?

Under the most favorably impatient auspices, an "engagement" is always irksome to the beholders; what then must it be when there is no immediate prospect of fulfillment, no present bribery of bridesmaids' finery and wedding excitements to propitiate our feminine forbearance? It really becomes unendurable. I speak with painful experience of facts; for at this moment, alas! we are suffering under a couple of "engagements" in our household—and one of the lovers is a German! If you know what a German lover is, I have said enough; if you do not, I would advise you never to allow a Teutonic adorer to cross your threshold unless you wish to be made extremely uneasy. As a nation they are ardent in their feelings and not reserved in their manners; as lovers they are only more so.

Young people must marry? Let them do so by all means; that is exactly what I should like to see. But for decency's sake don't let us have any more "engagements!" I detest the very sound of the word. Once permit a dear daughter of the house to become "engaged," and there is an end to all peace and happiness for the rest of the family while that affair is considered binding. Look at our beloved Angelina, for instance; of what use is she to us in sympathy or enjoyment of any kind? Even her special confidante is treated, like the rest, with the most cuttingly unconscious indifference. If she is not dressing for "Frank," or waiting for "Frank," she is thinking of "Frank," and is so absorbed in her own imaginings that she cares for nothing we do, hears nothing we say, and when, with a little remorse, she sometimes tries to listen, she only succeeds in saying Yes and No in the wrong places.

Our second fair victim is in a similar predicament; her mind is equally wandering.

As to the gentlemen implicated, they are not much more charming as companions or more attentive in their manners. But I must do them the justice to say they manage, somehow or other, to get away from "business" at most extraordinary and unheard-of hours (hours that providentially become perfectly impossible immediately after marriage!), and seem to me to be popping into the house all day long; sometimes, indeed, at rather unexpected, not to say inconvenient seasons. It has lately become quite hazardous to run up or down stairs in an unbecoming *negligé*, even at times when we used to flatter ourselves that coats and trowsers were quite out of the way for hours to come. Ten to one if you do you'll stumble upon a lover somewhere; a lover, remember, not *your* lover, but somebody else's lover, and that means a being who doesn't care one fig for you, doesn't mind how you look, never looks at you in fact; never takes you out, never does any civil thing to you; and, notwithstanding all his eagerness to become one of the dear family, and to be your very affectionate brother, always intimates very plainly that he would much rather have you out of the room than in it.

The philosophic Emerson, I believe, says somewhere, Every body loves a lover. I beg to differ from the great sage of Concord, and to declare that, for my part, I *hate* a lover (when he is not *my* lover, that means); and I believe every honest woman does the same. What *can* he be but a torment to every living soul except the idol of his affections? In proportion to his particular devotion is his general indifference, and that leads to a rudeness of demeanor none of us can tolerate. Let us be as forbearing and Christian-like as possible, how *can* we help having a keen sense of a person's defects, when he scarcely takes the trouble to speak to us, and is as much in our way as we are in his?

As to being useful to us in the vulgar capacity of escort, we need not expect any thing of that sort! I am amused at the simplicity of the opera advertisements, which say, "Families and parties desirous of sitting together, had better apply for tickets early," etc., etc. "Desirous of sitting together!" Why that is precisely what so many are desirous *not* to do! Frank, for instance, takes very good care we shall not; for when *he* has the duty of securing our seats, he adopts the precaution, I suppose, of applying late, for he never does manage to take all the places in the same part of the house.

Of course the loving creatures naturally like to be alone whenever it is at all practicable. Sitting near *us* they would feel compelled to make a few general remarks during the evening; while at a distance, if they are unlucky enough to be within the family sight, an occasional nod is as much as we can expect! As to walking home with us afterward, that is an infliction they manœuvre in a hundred ways to avoid.

Well, all this we could bear in sweetness and even serenity if there were not yet greater trials to be endured, more provoking things to be put up with. I don't mind being hunted from room to room (from front to rear) and back again in order to give these confiding hearts the solitude they so much covet; but all that I ask in return is that that these fond lovers would be considerate enough—dare I say it?—*to keep their endearments to themselves*. Tender attentions in stages, public pressure of hands, etc., are always absurd, and often more amusing than the performers think. I am sometimes afraid that the Teutonic element among us is producing effects in the demonstrative sentimental department that are by no means desirable. German husbands are admirable, I believe, but a German lover is terrible—to the spectator. The specimen we have among us thinks nothing of spending the whole evening with his arm round the fair form of his *fiancée*; and the probability is that other marks of tenderness are not wanting to add to our awkwardness. Nor does he hesitate to repose at his angel's feet, and recline his head on her knees; but this is literally going lengths we can not approve. It is picturesque, perhaps, if well managed—charming of course in the abstract, and gratifying, no doubt, to the fair enslaver; but in practice it is apt either to make one laugh or else exceedingly uncomfortable. Besides, in the present style of pantaloon structure, such attitudes involve difficulties, and require adroitness to be executed with grace.

If it should ever be my fortune to have a Teutonic lover, may I have sense enough to keep him within bounds! and more still, may I never be silly enough to be "engaged." Yours.

AND THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBED HIM—A MARRIAGE.

BALLAD OF PETER SMITH.

FAT, fifty, and thrifty was Peter Smith—
A fellow of fortune, and therefore of pith—
Who never, 'twas said, had been troubled with
A fancy for any thing womanly.
A mystery to him 'twas how sly furtive sips
From blossoms nectarious of pouting red lips
Could make a man thrill to his finger tips,
And kindle so kindly and humanly.

He could not imagine what women were for,
Unless for silks, laces, and crinoline, or
For plague, and punition, and pestilence, nor
Why men were so mad as to wed them.
Yes, beauty unparagoned is but a bubble,
That bursts with possession and leaves naught but trouble,
He thought—and that marriage a field was of stubble,
Where men were inveigled to groan and to hobble,
'Mong women, the stubble that bled them.

So fifty and thrifty fat Peter Smith
Concluded his cash to seclude himself with,
And so he retired accordingly—
Retired exceedingly surly and gruff,
Although he had stocks, bonds, and coupons enough
To sweeten the bitter and smooth down the rough—
And lived lonely, lonesome, and hoardingly.

No more was his graven face seen upon "Change,"
No more with the "Bulls" and the "Bears" did he range;
But, mingling with strangers by firesides strange,
He jingled the cash in his pocket.
But no drop of content in the chalice of wealth,
Though drained to the dregs, could he taste,—even health
His peace and his plenty did mock at;
He wasted in waist, he unlimbered in limb,
And halting the Halter like gibbets looked grim;
The light of his eyesight waxed wickedly dim,
And flickered low down in the socket.

He tried the walk and the morning bath,
But found in the way of his wealth only wrath,
Until he saw fiercely athwarting his path
Pale Death with white horse and black carriage.
So he sent for the man of the bag and pill,
Conjured him, by all of his powers to kill,
To lavish on him his medicinal skill,
And the Doctor prescribed him—a marriage.

Now Peter, howe'er he might storm, fume, and rave,
No fondness possessed for a martyr's grave;
And he knew that the wealthy had not to crave,
To sigh, swear and swelter, and play the slave
For feminine favors—a gilded old knave
Looks gay, young, and kind in the women's eye.

SHE GAVE A MAGNIFICENT TOSS OF THE HEAD—

Though many had jilted of lovers a score,
Such gallants had all been unhandsomely poor;
And he knew, when the darlings in beauty bend o'er
The volume of man, if they read in its lore
"He is rich," "in the book they read no more"—
Like Francesca of Rimini.

So he looked around on widow and spinster;
He walked with the deacon and talked with the min'ster;
Fell under conviction, while sharply and sin'ster
He searched around quite apprehensive,
For fear he might choose him some helpmate of vanity,
Some female phrenetic with fashion's insanity,
To eke out his rueful remaining humanity
With oil far too precious, and in such light manner he
Might find her a flame too expensive.

Oh, thirty and thin was Prudence Jones—
As thirty as ever a woman owns—
As thin as a spectre could be with her bones—
With voice as sharp and shrill in its tones
As the wintry winds of the frigid zones,
And cold as a Greenlandic rock.
And Prudence Jones was very precise
In matters of quantity, quality, price;
Moreover, so irreprehensibly nice
That week in and out she would wash twice or thrice
The face and the hands of her clock.
And Prudence Jones was also a prude,
And held for a sin all plumptitude;
Had nervous been made by a maiden rude,
With fair round arms and white shoulders nude,
And ne'er had recovered the shock.

Yes, prudish, precise she was, nice, and particular—
The line of her conduct was *the* perpendicular—
Exact in all matters, religious or secular—
In nomenclature straight up and down.
She ne'er to the Johnsons a greeting had spoken,
Nor e'er with the Thompsons the silence had broken,
Nor given the Rogers a neighborly token—
She grew red when she looked on a Brown.

GREW YOUTHFUL, BY ALL OF THE YOUTH THAT IN ART IS.

Now Peter Smith, when he heard of this lady,
Rejoiced in her virtues, and to himself said he,
"Ah, she is the bird for the cage I have ready—
The bright salt of the yellow mine!
I'll drop on her plumage, and into my arms
She'll fly with her prudence, precision, and charms.
Such beauties are matchless, divine!"

Straight sought he the house where the damsel dwelt,
And stood at the door—(Ah! how foolish he felt
On such a queer business affair!)—
He pulled at the bell, and she opened the door,
And freezingly stood poor old Peter before,
Determined he ne'er should set foot on her floor
While she had a will and a care.

He saw her resolve, so he cried out, "Miss Jones!
My own love! my Prudence!" in pitiful tones,
"Be bone of my bone, and pith of my pith!"
She gave a magnificent toss of the head,
And haughtily, scoffingly, bitterly said,
As she slammed to the door, "Do you think I would wed
A man with that horrid name—SMITH?"

What! scorned by a woman! He'd conquer her nature!
So he straightway applied to the wise Legislature,
And asked for a change of cognomen.
He lobbied and bullied, corrupted, and swore
The party should never know harmony more—
He'd bolt—"By the faith of a Roman!
The Bill was a good, constitutional one—
For such rights our fathers had shouldered the gun,
And sought the big wars, and our liberty won!
How dare they his rights to deny?"
At last his loved bill, with amendments, a score
Of Charters, Police Bills, Excise Laws, patched o'er,
Was hurried through just the adjournment before,
And he came out *Smythe*, without an "I."

OH, THIRTY AND THIN WAS PRUDENCE JONES!

Oh, happy was Peter—he flew to his dear;
He saw her eye gushing with gratitude's tear—
"Dear Prudence!" "Dear Smythe!" "I have won thee!"
They talk'd o'er the dangers the hero had passed,
Of his soul all undaunted as speeches fell fast,
Of the bill carried through in high triumph at last,
And he still alive, and with money!

They courted a week, and were married on Sunday;
She called him a brute and a beast the next Monday.
Her tongue was a venomous fang,
Which poisoned his life morn and evening anew
With pangs that submission was fain to subdue.
But alas for poor Peter! he found that he who
Puts his head in the halter must hang!

And when in due time his tame spirit was cowed,
Mrs. Smythe grew extravagant, stately, and proud,
And built a magnificent mansion;
Gave soirées, matinées, and nightly crush parties,
Grew youthful, by all of the youth that in art is,
And plump with the *modiste's* expansion.

With steeds black as night, or as white as its baldrick,
She rode in her carriage with blazons heraldic;
In *azure*, *gules*, *argent*, and *or*,
'Midst operas, concerts, Newport, Saratoga,
She banished all thoughts of her Smythe, the old fogy,
Till creditors knocked at the door.
And then she was loving, and trusting, and good—
Too good for humanity's daily food,
Serene with the light of bright angelhood,
Till he cashed the bills—then 'twas all o'er.

Poor Peter! he fretted and fumed, but his soul
Was a slave enchained in his wife's control;
And he saw o'er the sky of his wealth slowly roll
Drear clouds of the ruinous weather.
One wheel has an end—that is Fortune's wheel,
As time and extravagance soon will reveal;
And, sixty and sorrowful, Peter could feel
The death-damp succeeding the flight of his weal—
And bank, heart, and morn broke together.

They buried him sadly in far-off fields,
Where the wild rose its beauty and fragrance yields;
Where birds come in summer, and sunshine, and song,
And brooks troll in music the flowers among,
Where he played in the joy of a heart unstrung
By sordid and ungodly mammon.
He lived as he lived—as he died let him lie,
Unloved and uncared for, unmourned by a sigh:
And this is the *moral* disclosed by this strain—
Uncheered by a flower is the pathway of gain;
If the heart goes not with us our strivings are vain,
And our life is—all gammon! all gammon!

SHE CALLED HIM A BRUTE AND A BEAST THE NEXT MONDAY.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XVI.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Leaving Galilee.—Site of Capernaum.—Crossing the Jordan.—We reach Damascus.—The Khans.—Lodgings in an old Palace.—John Steenburger blunders into the Harem.—Splendor of Damascus.—Abana and Pharphar.—Moonlight on the City.—A Residence.—Apricots.

I AM not over-cheerful to-day. It is two weeks since we buried our young friend on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, and the influence of that scene remains on both of us. We lingered some days by her grave, and came away leaving Mr. and Mrs. Warren still there. They will find it very hard to tear themselves away from the beloved dust.

Riding up the west bank of the lake, and crossing the hills on its northern end, we came on some stones scattered here and there, which are all that remain to mark the probable site of Capernaum. "Woe unto thee, Capernaum!" was the terrible denunciation of Him who spake as never man spake. "Thou, Capernaum, that art exalted unto heaven, shalt be thrust down to hell!" There is not left a memorial of the grandeur of the old city. A spring of water bubbling out at the foot of the hill where the women of the city used of old to fill their jars, gathering, doubtless, as now in Eastern cities, around the well, and making the air ring with their shrill voices, now pours its strong stream down to the sea with a low and melancholy murmur—the only sound that disturbs the profound silence resting on ancient Capernaum.

We sat an hour on the sunny hill-side, looking back at Tiberias and the still sea, in whose depths our eyes sought to trace the reflection of the glory that once surrounded its banks; and then calling to the men, who were lying here and there stupidly dozing, we drew our ranks together, and rode on to the bridge "Benat Jacob" over the Jordan.

The Bedouins in the Houran district, through which we were now about to pass, had been in a very disturbed state for some time, and we had reason to apprehend attacks from marauding parties. But our apprehensions were quite idle. We slept two nights in the district considered most unsafe, and at length reached Damascus in excellent health and condition.

When I was last in Damascus Christians were not permitted to ride on horseback in the city. Times have changed. We rode in a body through the rich gardens which surround the walls, into the crowded gate, up the winding streets, through the bazars where the wealth of the Orient shines, and at length, in the very heart of the city, turned our horses into the door-way of the great khan, and dismounted at the side of the fountain.

The khans are a feature of Damascus. The usual form is a vast court, paved with smooth stone, having a fountain in the centre, surrounded by rooms on two stories above the ground-floor. Into this court travelers bring their goods and wares. Camel-trains file in and unload their packages on the pavement, the baggage of the owners lying on the top of the merchandise. Men of all nations and climes meet here.

At the same moment arrive a mule-train from the sea at Beyrout, a camel-train from Bagdad, the regular caravan from Cairo by way of Gaza, a merchant from Trebizond, men of Aleppo, Kars,

COURT OF A HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.

Mosul, Mecca, Jerusalem, Russia, England, and America. The languages of all nations make the dome ring again with the confusion of tongues.

There are some six of these large khans in Damascus. The merchants and travelers occupy the small rooms surrounding them, where they sleep on their own bedding (for every one in the East, when he travels even a day's journey, "takes up his bed and walks"), and eat at the shops in the bazar. The commerce of Damascus is carried on here. All the wholesale business is done in the khans.

We remained here but a day, and then found rooms in a splendid old house, the broken fortunes of whose owner lead him to let rooms to wanderers. Here, let me tell you, we are living in most gorgeous style—for Damascus realizes all the dreams of Eastern splendor you can have had. Lofty walls, gorgeous carving and gilding, murmuring fountains, groves of orange, and lemon, and spice trees, lattices through which dark eyes gleam and flash—

By-the-by, speaking of those same eyes, John Steenburger has gotten himself, as usual, into a terrible scrape, and sleeps with an aching sensation about his throat every night. We had been warned that the rooms on one corner of the great court-yard of our house were the apartments of the ladies. But you can easily imagine the difficulty of keeping the direction in your mind when you reflect that the entrance from the street is by an arched passage through the house, which is four square, and built all around this vast lemon-shaded court. Once in, you can't tell north from south. Hence John made a plunge into the wrong rooms. What he saw there he refuses to tell, except that he says to me confidentially (and I communicate it to you on the same terms) that Hadji Mustapha needn't be so particular about his women, and the safest way to preserve them from being troubled would be to let people see them once.

Damascus is a splendid city, a gorgeous city, when the western sun shines on it. The Barrada (which is either the Abana or Pharphar of old times), coming down through the ravines of Lebanon, pours out on a broad and fertile plain, whose fields it waters abundantly. Then hastening along to the city, it enters it, passing by mosques and kiosks, supplying its baths and fountains and turning its mill-wheels, and at length its strong flood flows out into the groves and gardens east of the city, and is soon lost in the great swamp lake which has no outlet.

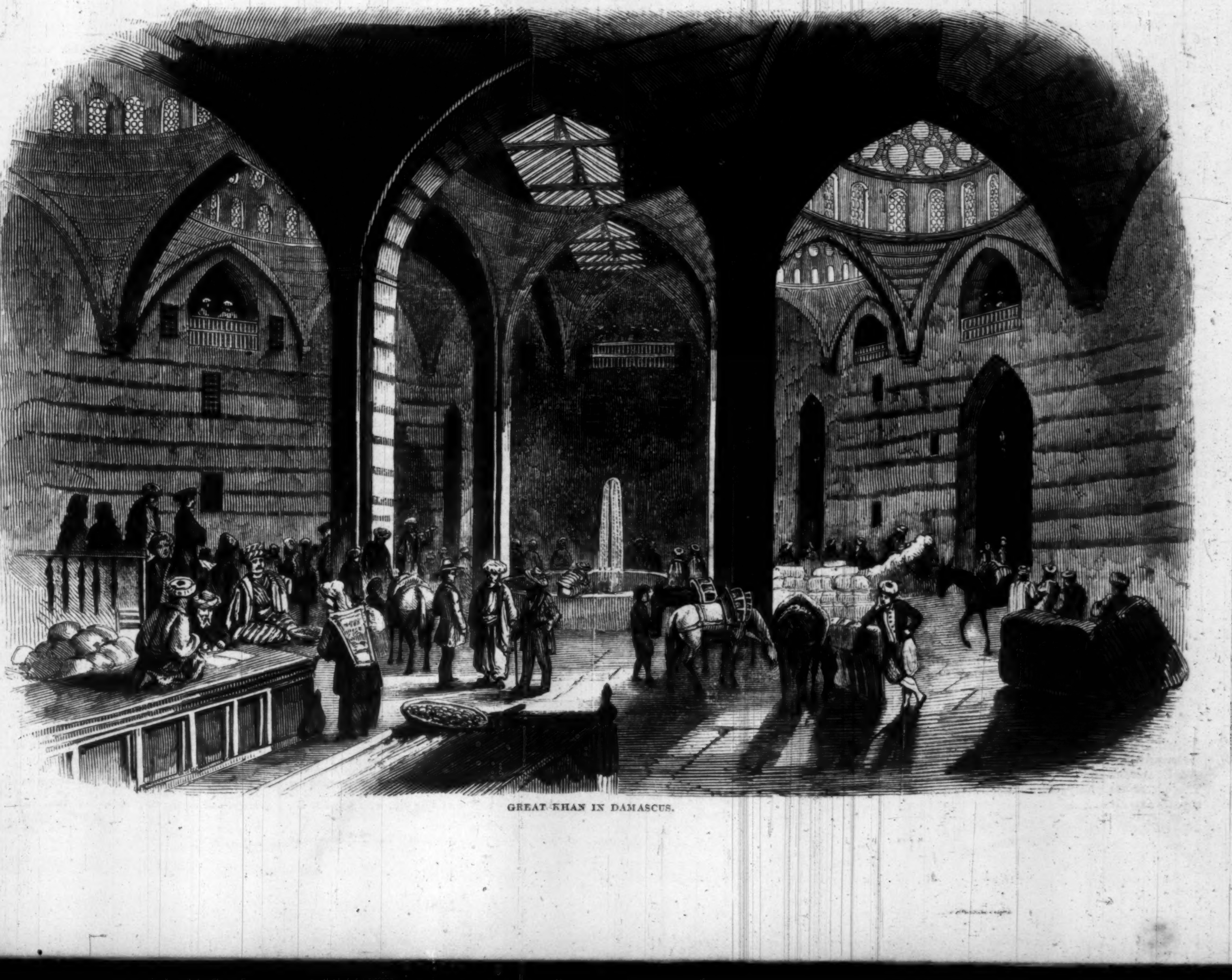
The banks of the Barrada are always gay with the thousands of loiterers who stroll here and there, smoking, talking, or idling. All is bright, pleasant, joyous; nor would you imagine that misery existed here, and yet this is perhaps the most miserable race of men in the world. Poverty and destitution there is evidence of in all the out-of-the-way streets, and sickness and death is here as every where.

I am for the present located in Damascus. I think some of buying land and settling here, since the new edict of the Sultan permits it to foreigners. I have passed a winter in Cairo, and more time than I care to remember in the past few years among Arabs and Turks. Why should I not become as very a Turk as any of them all? I can talk their tongue, play their games, almost but not quite pray their prayers, and you need not be surprised, therefore, should you hear of my joining their ranks and cursing all infidels with the utmost of my power. At all events, I shall remain in Damascus till the apricots are ripe. They abound here in the most splendid profusion and perfection, and I will even rest myself in the palace of Mustapha the son of Ali, my present host, so long as he will stand the blunders of John Steenburger.

LITERARY.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD, Objectively Considered, being the First Part of Theology Considered as a Science of Positive Truth, both Inductive and Deductive, *by Robert J. Breckinridge, D.D., LL.D.* New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

A volume like this it is a luxury to open. The author, a man of brilliant attainments, and intellectual power second to no living man, in the laity or clergy, has thrown into his work every energy of his nature, all the ability and experience of his life, his scholarly accomplishments, and, above all, his sincere, hearty convictions of truth; and the



GREAT KHAN IN DAMASCUS.

result is a book which the most bitter opponent of his creed and teaching must read with admiration and intensest interest.

We have not space to describe the volume as we could desire. It is divided into five books. The first considers man in his relations to himself, to his fellow-men, and to his Maker; the second treats of the relations of man to God through a Mediator; the third is devoted to the consideration of the attributes of God; the fourth to His manifestations of Himself to man in Nature and in Revelation; and the last book sums up the whole with regard to that simple expression of the Westminster Catechism, "What man is to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man."

This is no dry compendium of theology. Dr. Breckinridge is not the man to write a book that is musty before you read it. His pages are eloquent and spirited. He lends new force to old truths by his sparkling thought and brilliant style, gives new beauty to ancient pictures by the freshness of his imagination, and adds a charm that it never possessed to the dullest argument of metaphysical discussion.

While the work is Calvinistic to the fullest extent, it will prove none the less interesting to every Christian reader who enjoys the grand truths of religion which all followers of Christ hold in common; and we venture to predict for it a permanent place in future history among the works of the great men of the Church.

Poems *by Rosa Vertuer Johnson*. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The most noticeable poem in the volume is the portrait which embellishes it. As a part of the published work we may venture to speak of it as freely as of any other page in the volume. Nevertheless we have nothing severe to say of it. It is a face of rare intellectual beauty.

The poems which here claim the verdict of the public are not pretentious. Some of them we have seen before; and one—"Two Years Old"—has been a favorite with us since we clipped it from a newspaper some months ago. Many will recollect its commencement:

Is there on this cold, selfish earth
One heart so cruel as to scold
A roguish boy, brimful of mirth,
And, like my pet, just two years old?

There is very much of delicate beauty in many of the pages, and a prevalent appreciation of the gentler emotions of our nature which marks the lady's efforts. We might specially refer to such pieces as the "Angel Watchers"—a very quiet and unaffected poem, making no pretense to passion or to high rhetorical merit, in which, however, every word seems to be in its place, and every thought just such as a young mother would think whose heart was in tune with the voices of nature. There is a tenderness and a force which great poets might envy in these lines:

Earthly children smile upon me, but those little ones above
Were the first to stir the fountains of a mother's deathless love;
And as now they watch my slumber, while their soft eyes on me shine,
God forgive a mortal yearning still *to call his angels mine.*

Boston has produced no poetess of late years whose good taste, purity of language, and promise of success equal those of this lady.

Stockton's Periodical New Testament, No. 1. Baltimore: T. H. Stockton.

The publisher of this remarkable book is indefatigable in efforts to promote the circulation and the reading of the Bible. He is now issuing an edition of the New Testament, elegantly printed, and illustrated with Nelson's exquisite colored plates, which we have before spoken of. The number before us contains the Gospel of Matthew, in paragraph form, with Dr. Horne's introduction to the Gospel by way of appendix. The design is unique, and the execution is unimpeachably good. It is a curious and interesting method of publishing the Scriptures.

1. White Lies, *by Charles Reade*, No. II.
2. Waverley Novels: The Heart of Mid Lothian. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Two out of the four numbers of Reade's new story are out. The same bold style, recklessness of rhetoric, and brilliancy of dramatic effect characterize this book.

The household edition of the Waverley Novels, we are glad to learn, is meeting the success it deserves. There is no change in the elegance of the work. The present volumes have the beautiful little picture of Effie Deans, with her milk-pail on her head, which so many will remember as a subject of especial admiration.

Floral Home; or, First Years of Minnesota, *by Harriet E. Bishop*. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.

For a minute and careful account of contemporary events, especially of the growth and development of society, the advance of civilization, the characteristics of savage and refined life, in short, for just such sketches as this book contains, we prefer a lady's observation and pen to that of any man. She notices and notes a hundred small matters that a man would consider beneath his attention, but of which she appreciates the importance as indicatives of the degree of progress in the social scale. The book has, therefore, a decided value.

The Planter's Daughter, a Tale of Louisiana, *by Miss A. E. Dupuy*, author of "Otelia Clayton," &c. New York: W. P. Fetridge & Co.

A romance of Southern life, by a lady who uses her pen with much gracefulness and an ease that has already gained her many readers.

Nothing to Eat. Illustrated. Not *by the Author of* "Nothing to Wear." New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

The covers are pretty, the illustrations fair, the rhymes execrable.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE FOREIGN MISSIONS.

It is believed that successors to Mr. Mason and Mr. Dodge have been selected; but the names will not officially transpire till the Senate has passed upon the nominations. It is supposed that Mr. Slidell will go to France. Mr. Dallas will probably be retained in his post until the Central American negotiation shall have been concluded.

THE TEHUANTEPEC GRANT.

Senator Slidell has received a letter from Senator Benjamin, dated the City of Mexico, 4th inst., announcing that he and his colleague had succeeded in making satisfactory arrangements with the Mexican Government relative to the Tehuantepec Transit Route, and that President Comonfort acted in this matter against the earnest protest of our Minister. Mr. Benjamin promises at an early day to set forth all the facts in proper form, to be laid before the President of the United States. It is generally understood that Mr. Forsyth was acting under instructions, and that his conduct is entirely approved at Washington.

FILIBUSTER PROSPECTS.

It is understood that General William Walker has notified the President that he still considers himself *de jure* President of Nicaragua, and that he will return with his staff and friends to resume his post before Christmas. Perhaps in consequence of this intimation, instructions of the most peremptory nature have been forwarded to Mr. M'Keon, United States District Attorney at New York, to stop filibustering expeditions, and stating that the President will employ every means in his power which Mr. M'Keon may call for, in material aid and otherwise, to check adventurers who are looked upon as discreditably attempting to stain the national honor of the United States. It is rumored, however, that several members of the Cabinet take the ground that the Government can not interfere to prevent United States citizens from expatriating themselves, armed or otherwise.

THE NEW SLOOP OF WAR.

The Naval Board have reported in favor of Mr. Westervelt's model for the new sloop of war. Donald M'Kay, of Boston, and other competitors, have protested against the award to Westervelt, on the ground that his model did not coincide with the requirements of the advertisement. It is believed, however, that it will be confirmed by the Secretary. The estimated cost, without armament, will be $540,000.

ANOTHER MORMON SETTLEMENT.

The Interior Department has received official information that on the 25th of May last a large Mormon colony took possession of the valley of Deer Creek, one hundred miles west of Fort Laramie, and drove away a band of Sioux whom Indian Agent Twiss settled there in April, and induced to plant corn, and which region of country was assigned to them by the treaty of 1851. The pretext under which these settlements are made is under cover of a contract of the Mormon church to carry the mail from Independence to Great Salt Lake City. The number of Mormons who have settled in the valley of Deer Creek is about three hundred. They have plowed and planted two hundred acres of prairie, and are building houses for the accommodation of five hundred persons, and have a large herd of cattle, horses and mules. The Agent adds: "I am powerless to control this matter, as the Mormons obey no laws enacted by Congress."

The Government will take prompt measures in reference to the subject.

LAST YEAR'S COTTON CROP.

From the official figures which are being prepared at Washington, it appears that while the exports of cotton from the United States, for the year ending 30th June last, fell short of the preceding year by 303,149,926 lbs., the value of the last crop exceeded the other by $6,396,608. The accuracy of these figures has not yet been proven by the government officials; but the official report will not vary them much, if any, when it issues.

The following details will be found to be sufficiently correct for practical purposes:

EXPORTS OF COTTON FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1857.

	Sea Island.	All other kinds.	Value.
Foreign vessels, lbs.	3,088,677	255,653,424	$33,310,124
Domestic " "	9,852,048	779,688,326	98,468,735
Total	12,940,725	1,035,341,750	131,778,859
Am't exp'd. 1856	12,797,225	1,338,634,476	$125,382,251

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

The Kansas Constitutional Convention has adjourned, to meet again on the 19th October; no reason for this action has been assigned, and it has given rise to much speculation. Several Free State delegates were excluded. The troops have been withdrawn. Governor Walker has issued a proclamation, in which he expresses the opinion that no one can vote except those who are qualified under the Territorial law of the 20th of February last; also, that under this law the Territorial tax is not required as a qualification for a voter. The Governor states that troops will be stationed at various voting places where violence is apprehended, and that he will use his best exertions to make the election a fair and honest expression of the views of the people.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

The Maine Election has resulted in a Republican triumph. The Republican candidate for Governor, Morrill, has a majority of some 12,000; the Senate is wholly Republican; the House is said to be 113 Republican to 44 Opposition.

The Republican State Convention of New York has made its nominations, and the three parties are now in the field with the following tickets:

Democratic.	*American.*	*Republican.*
	COURT OF APPEALS.	
Hiram Denio.	Hiram Ketchum.	Timothy Jenkins.
	SECRETARY OF STATE.	
Gideon J. Tucker.	James O. Putnam.	Almon W. Clapp.
	COMPTROLLER.	
Sandford E. Church.	N. S. Benton.	Robert Denniston.
	ATTORNEY-GENERAL.	
Lyman Tremaine.	Lyman Odell.	Wm. Curtis Noyes.
	TREASURER.	
Isaac V. Vanderpoel.	Henry H. Ross.	John T. Hogeboom.
	CANAL COMMISSIONER.	
John M. Jaycox.	Roswell Graves.	Ariel S. Thurston.
	STATE ENGINEER.	
Van R. Richmond.	G. Denniston.	George Geddes.
	STATE PRISON INSPECTOR.	
W. C. Rhodes.	J. M. Stevens.	Thomas Kirkpatrick.

The Democratic State Central Committee of New York has elected as officers for the year ensuing, Dean Richmond Chairman, and Peter Cagger Secretary.

A call for a Disunionist Convention, to meet at Cleveland, Ohio, on 28th and 29th October, has been circulated in the papers. It is said to have received 6033 signatures. Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison are at the head of it.

THE FINANCIAL REVULSION.

The revulsion continues with increased severity. During the week Garner & Co., dry-goods dealers, Persse & Brooks and Cyrus W. Field & Co., paper makers, and others of New York; Caleb Cope & Co., dry-goods and silk merchants, Levy & Co., dry-goods dealers, and others of Philadelphia; and several houses of more or less standing in New England and other parts of the country, have found it necessary to suspend. The Bank of Pennsylvania, the Girard Bank, and other Philadelphia banking institutions suspended specie payment on Saturday; likewise, on the same day, the Banks of Baltimore, Maryland; Wilmington, Delaware; Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; and several banks in New Jersey. No bank suspensions have taken place in New England or New York, and the banks in both are believed to be stronger than they were. But we are in the midst of a panic.

PERSONAL.

President Buchanan reached Wheatland, his Lancaster County home, on Thursday evening, in fine health. He expected to spend three days among his old neighbors, and to return to Washington on Monday or Tuesday.

Colonel Benton continues dangerously ill; his recovery is improbable.

Ex-President Pierce and lady are at Portsmouth, N. H.

Among the many persons who are preparing to entertain at Washington, at the next session, is the Hon. J. Glancy Jones, of Berks County, Pennsylvania, who has taken a house at $3000 per annum.

Mr. Gayarre, the historian of Louisiana, is said to have been selected as Minister to Spain, but his appointment has been deferred in deference to Senator Slidell.

General William T. Haskell, of Tennessee, publishes a card, in which he says he has "abandoned politics," and intends to devote himself to law and literature. He proposes to lecture on a variety of subjects throughout the South, the North, England, and Australia, beginning at Memphis. He proposes first to establish a free library there, and then finish the Washington Monument. He adds that he intends hereafter "to eschew idleness, strong drink, tobacco in all its forms, live virtuously, and labor assiduously."

The Hon. Charles J. Jenkins, of Georgia, in reply to a letter from Walker, the filibuster, which has appeared in the Southern journals, and in which the revival of the slave-trade and the introduction of slaves into Nicaragua are advocated, says:

"He has driven me to the alternative of submitting to inevitable misconstruction, or of making unfavorable comments upon a letter addressed to myself. I choose the latter, declaring unequivocally—First, that I wholly disapprove General William Walker's contemplated invasion and conquest of Nicaragua. Secondly, that the proposed revival of the African slave-trade is abhorrent to me. I will add that General Walker has taken a very unwarrantable liberty with me—a liberty inconsistent with the sense of propriety which should regulate intercourse between strangers—a liberty expressly interdicted by my plain declaration, that 'its publication as a letter addressed to me must depend upon my concurrence in his views.'"

Miss May, a niece of the venerable Joseph Gales of the *National Intelligencer* of Washington, has given a successful concert here.

Much interest has been created by a rather scandalous controversy between Generals Pillow and Hitchcock, in reference to the terms on which peace was concluded with Mexico in 1848.

The officers of the Navy and Marine corps at Washington have passed the following resolutions, in consequence of the death of Captain Herndon:

"*Resolved*, That while we proffer to the widow and daughter our heartfelt condolence, and the assurance of our readiness to maintain in deed the sympathy which we have endeavored to enforce in words, we indulge the hope that the wives and daughters of all our professional brethren will co-operate with us in contributing to them that material aid of which they have been bereft, in the loss of our gallant brother officer.

"*Resolved*, That a monument be erected at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, commemorative of the circumstances of his death, not only as due to his memory, but to incite to emulation of his noble conduct."

Private letters received in Philadelphia do not give favorable accounts of Mr. Crawford's health, but intimate serious apprehensions of a fatal termination to his disease.

Among the deaths in Providence, last week, was one caused by religious excitement or intense conviction of sin, from which the sufferer, a young lady, could obtain no relief. Medical men could discover no trace of physical disease.

The Michigan Southern Railroad Company have just elected unanimously the following gentlemen as directors: John B. Jervis, Samuel W. Comstock, Clarkson N. Potter, and Robert M. Olyphant of New York City; George Bliss of Springfield, Massachusetts; John C. Wright of Schenectady; R. S. Burroughs, Orleans, New York; Nelson Beardslee of Auburn; John N. Prouty, Geneva, New York; Ransom Gardner, Detroit; Schuyler Colfax, South Bend; Hiram Sibley, Rochester, and Wm. Wolcot of Utica.

The Rev. Brother Boggs, of the Springfield *Expositor*, was elected Brigadier-General of the Ohio Volunteers at Springfield a few days ago.—Good for you, friend Boggs. You will now have to change your title from Reverend to that of General Boggs.

Mrs. Mowatt, it is said, will appear on the New York stage the coming winter. Losses and pecuniary embarrassment on the part of her husband are given as the reason.

The Boston *Courier* fund for the relief of Mrs. Patten, of the *Neptune's Car*, amounts to $1399, and has been paid to her. The whole earnings of Captain Patten were invested with his owners in New York, who have suspended: hence his widow loses.

It will be seen by the following, from the Holly Springs (Mississippi) *Herald* of the 12th inst., that, owing to his delicate health, Colonel Jefferson Davis has abandoned his remaining appointments: "When here he was quite feeble, having had a chill the day before the delivery of his speech. Indeed, his health was in a very precarious condition. He is now spending a few days with our fellow-citizen Colonel Charles L. Thomas. His friends here unanimously urged him to desist from the canvass, and to think only of recruiting his health, as his life is too valuable to the South to be imperiled by continuing to fill his appointments. As soon, therefore, as he is sufficiently recruited he will return to his home, leaving his remaining appointments unfilled."

We learn, that Mr. Henry Dwight, who died a few days since at Geneva, bequeathed the sum of one hundred thousand dollars to the American Board of Missions, and fifty thousand dollars each to his three children. Mr. Dwight was originally a Presbyterian clergyman, but losing his voice became a banker, and was made President of the Bank of Geneva, which he managed successfully for many years. He received a large bequest from a brother who died several years ago. Mr. Dwight, although not known as a large donor to the institutions and societies in his immediate neighborhood, gave largely to the Missionary and Bible Societies of the Presbyterian Church. He was supposed to be worth about half a million of dollars.

A private letter received at Washington from General Houston flatly contradicts the statement that he is or has been implicated in any contemplated expedition. He intends to return to Washington and take his seat in the next Congress.

A writer in the Sidney *Morning Herald* urges the immediate formation of another expedition to search for the lost German traveler Leichardt, who, several years since, undertook to explore Central Australia, and has not since been heard of. Various stories have been told of his murder, and others of his being kept prisoner by a ferocious tribe of natives in the interior, but no credit is attached to any of them. The writer in the Sidney *Herald* thinks that for the honor of the Colony, some fresh efforts should be made to ascertain the fate of the lost traveler and *savant*. He says: "We, who live on the margin of a boundless territory, fear to leave the sight of the ocean, and when the German asks for the remains of his lost friend, we stand dumb. There can be no doubt but that the adventurous wanderer has lost his path, or his life, on the very spot which the next generation will pass over to most extensive and valued possessions; and, in so doing, the woodman will utter his accusing reflections on the apathy of those who could, without an effort or a sacrifice, resign to a miserable or uncertain fate one of their first and most devoted pathfinders."

THE "CENTRAL AMERICA"—ASHBY'S STATEMENT.

The point of Chief Engineer Ashby's statement will be found in the following extracts:

On Friday morning, in the height of the blow, the engineer discovered that the ship, which was rolling heavily in the trough of the sea, had sprung a leak; he reported it immediately to Captain Herndon.

By Saturday the ship laid over so much that Captain H., with the engineer, had to crawl along the decks to reach the after pumps for inspection. Every thing that experience could suggest or the extremity of their condition devise was discussed by Captain H., the mates, and engineer. The fires were extinguished by the increasing leak, and early on Saturday it was clear to the experience of all that there was no hope for the ship.

During the morning the brig *Marine* hove in sight, and early in the afternoon bore down to the ship, passing under her stern. Captain H. spoke her, requesting her to lay by and take passengers, which she consented to do. The engineer was at this time with Captain H., who then desired him to give his particular attention to the transfer of the ladies and children to the boats.

Captain H. inquired of Mr. Ashby if he was armed? He replied that he was, with a knife. Captain H. said he would endeavor to obtain pistols, one for himself and one for Mr. A. This was for protection against any interference while insisting upon precedence to ladies and children. Three boats were got afloat, one put in charge of the boatswain, and the other two each in charge of a quarter-master. Captain H. ordered the engineer not to suffer a single male passenger to leave in the boats until all the ladies and children were transferred, and he believes this order was strictly carried out. The boats returned, and two of them were again filled with ladies and children. During the first trip of the boats Captain H., in conversation with the engineer, expressed his great regret that the brig was so distant, and feared that unless she could be brought nearer all the passengers could not possibly be got on board. Mr. Ashby then remarked that if he could be of any service, in any way, Captain Herndon should command him. The captain then directed him to go with the next boat, visit the brig, and urge the master, by any inducement whatsoever, to get his vessel up nearer to the ship, and also to secure the use of any boat he might have that could be made fit for use.

Upon arriving on board the *Marine* Mr. Ashby at once applied to the master, Captain Burt, urging him to make sail for the ship, and then for the first time learned that the brig had lost her main-yard and could not carry any more canvas than she had upon her. He then asked for the use of the brig's boat, and was informed that it was in a condition unfit for use, and would not live five minutes in such a sea. While conversing with the master the boatswain again left for the ship, and Mr. Ashby then called upon the seamen who had come from the ship to man one of the boats with him and return for passengers. This they positively refused to do, declaring that the ship would go down before they could get to her. One man only offered to go with the engineer, but it was impossible in such a sea to manage the boat. It turned out as the seamen had said, for the ship went down soon after the boatswain's boat reached her.

CAPTAIN BADGER'S STATEMENT.

In contrast with the above Captain Badger has given his opinion: He is unwilling to express any opinion as to the cause of the disaster, which shall impute blame to any one. He is, however, very emphatic in speaking of the *Central America* as stanch. She was perfectly sound, was not strained by the force of the sea, and *in his opinion did not spring a leak.* It seems clear from his statement of the circumstances that the engines stopped before there was any considerable amount of water in the vessel, and that this could not have been owing, therefore, to the extinction of the fires by the water: It seems due rather to the *lack of a proper supply of coal.* Whether this was the fault of the men whose business it was to pass it, we have no means of judging; but this fact, certainly, ought to be within the knowledge of the engineer, as it was his business to see that coal was supplied to furnish all the steam that was needed.

A CUNNINGHAM CASE IN BOSTON.

Some weeks since, a man named Albert Patterson was arrested and taken before the Police Court of Boston, charged with bigamy. It was alleged that on the 2d of May last he was married by Father Mason, the city missionary, to Elizabeth Atkins, he having at that time another wife alive. He denied his guilt, saying that he knew nothing of the woman, and had never seen Father Mason. But his protestations went for naught when Father Mason came into court and swore positively to having performed the marriage ceremony, as alleged, between the defendants, then passing under the names of Eli Merrill, and Elizabeth Atkins. He was committed for trial before the Municipal Court, being unable to procure the bail demanded. The Grand Jury found a bill against him for bigamy, Father Mason having again testified positively to his identity before them. Last Saturday he was arraigned, and a day was assigned for trial. In the mean time an inquiry was instituted, and it soon became apparent that there was a mistake in the matter. Yesterday a man and woman came into court, claiming to be the real Eli Merrill and wife (formerly Elizabeth Atkins). They said they were married by Father Mason on the 2d of May. Two or three witnesses were present, who saw the marriage, and identified them as the bridegroom and bride. Father Mason also, upon seeing the real Eli Merrill, was satisfied that he had been mistaken. The facts were made known to the District Attorney, and he at once entered a *nolle pros.*, and Patterson was discharged after about two months' imprisonment in jail, for which he has no remedy. This case, though not a parallel to the pretended marriage of Mrs. Cunningham with Dr. Burdell, affords strong proof that clergymen of undoubted character are liable to mistakes, when they attempt to identify parties married before them.

CHINESE MARRIAGES IN NEW YORK.

Of the many Chinamen in New York not a few keep cigar stands upon the sidewalks. Their neighbors in trade are the Milesian apple-women. Twenty-eight of these apple-women have gone the way of matrimony with their elephant-eyed, olive-skinned contemporaries, and the most of them are now happy mothers in consequence. The physiologists aver that the human being is improved, as is the domestic branch of the quadrupedal animals, by "crossing." If this be true—and we suspect that it is—the natives of this country ought to be remarkable for physical strength and beauty, for surely there was never such a mixture of races in any part of the world. Representatives of all nations have located and married here. We know of two Bedouin Arabs, part of an exhibiting *troupe* that came to this country several years ago, who married wives and are rearing offspring in one of the Hudson river counties. Siam has its representatives here in the famous twins, and in one of the up-town streets a wealthy native of Morocco domiciliates with a Westchester county spouse. The mixture of Dutch, Italian, French, Spanish, English, Irish, Danish, Swedish, etc., is perfectly bewildering; but the amalgamation of the Irish and the Chinese is more than bewildering—it begets a chaos of ideas from which no ray of intellibibility can be safely eliminated. Imagine a scion of this stock chatting gayly about "Josh" in one moment, and speaking of his father Ping Sing Chi, and in the next whirling a shillelah at a primary election, and swearing that he goes in, tooth and nail, or rather body and breeches, for the nomination of his mother's brother, Patrick O'Dowd. Oh, what a country is this!

A HERO IN THE ARMY.

Lieutenant Spencer, of the 2d United States infantry, performed an act of bravery during the trying times of Yellow Medicine, in July last, says *The St. Paul Democrat*, which we believe has not been, but which ought to be, recorded to his credit in the public press. He it was who was ordered to demand the Indian who stabbed the soldier. With a few men and his interpreter he proceeded to the Indian camp, and, upon seeing them assume an attitude of offense, he ordered his men, as an evidence of his pacific intention, to halt, while he and his interpreter rode up to the Indians. Two hundred guns were leveled at him in support of threats, which his companion understood too well to disregard. The Lieutenant called him to his side, gave him his pistols for his reassurance, jumped off his horse when within speaking distance, and, unarmed and alone, breasted the savage multitude, and fulfilled his duty.

JOHN DEAN REDIVIVUS IN VIRGINIA.

Some gossip was created at Petersburg, Virginia, a few days ago, by the rumored appearance on the streets of a lady from the wealthy circles of Norfolk, in company with a smart Irish lad, with whom she had slipped off to Weldon, where their fates were duly united by the very accommodating hymeneal agent at that place. The circumstances connected with this romantic match are said to form a parallel with the late Johnny Dean "affair" in New York. It is reported that the fair one is sole heiress to $100,000; and her papa is a liquor-merchant to boot.

TERRIBLE POISONING CASE IN ALABAMA.

A Montgomery (Alabama) paper says:

"One of our subscribers from Pike County informed us yesterday of a most horrible and atrocious case of poisoning in that county, just below the line of Montgomery, and in the neighborhood of Bruceville. The

annals of crime will hardly show a more extensive and diabolical piece of villainy.

"It seems that a German, or Hungarian, whose name our informant had forgotten, was on intimate terms with a negro woman, the property of old Mr. Thomas Frazell, one of the earliest settlers of Pike. This man had once been in the employ of Mr. F., and was familiar with his premises. Some time since he had been detected in gambling with Mr. F.'s negroes, and Mr. F. had instituted a prosecution against him. On Saturday evening, 12th instant, he was seen in conversation with the negro woman alluded to, at the well, although he had received orders from Mr. Frazell never to come about his premises.

"On Sunday, there were some thirty-seven persons dining at Mr. Frazell's house, of whom about thirty were visitors from the neighborhood. All these became sick soon after eating, vomiting violently; and the cook being arrested immediately, on a suspicion of poisoning, at once proceeded to state as follows:

"She said that the white man above referred to, while at the well, had given her a vial containing arsenic, which he instructed her to mingle with 'the meal, the milk, the butter, and the coffee.' He was particularly desirous that it should go into every article of food, because old Mr. Frazell was in delicate health, and generally ate very sparingly. The negro woman said she followed the directions of her lover to the letter—who, by the way, added to his instructions the remark, that 'after the old man had taken that, he would hardly prosecute him in that case.'

"The poison was administered, as we have seen, but too successfully. The whole assemblage of persons were put under its influence, and at the last accounts six had died from its effects. Old Mr. Frazell died about sunset of Sunday, the day of the poisoning.

"His overseer's wife and two children, Mrs. Cloud, a widowed daughter of Mr. F., and Mr. F.'s grand-daughter died the next day. Several others were lying in a critical condition, and doubtless there will be more victims of this awfully fiendish crime.

"Mr. Jack Frazell, son of the old man, happened to be out of meal on the day of the poisoning, and sent to his father's and borrowed a bushel. All who partook of this, including a brother who had declined to eat at his father's—having come in after some of the company had got sick—were more or less affected.

"After we had written the above, our informant, Mr. J. M. Johnson, of Pike, called on us again, and gave us the name of the poisoner, which is Comiska. Mr. J. further states that the infuriated people of the neighborhood have burned the negro woman, and will perform the same service for Comiska on next Monday. In the mean time he is safely lodged in jail in Troy. He neither denies nor admits any thing."

A WARNING TO LADIES.

We commend the following narrative, which we extract from The *Boston Post*, to the attention of those New York ladies who take a seat in a car without so much as saying "Thank you," to the gentleman who yields it:

"A lady—I suppose she was a lady, for she wore beautiful clothes—got into a car which was completely occupied, and all were ladies save a Cambridge student and myself. She looked anxiously about for a seat. The student politely relinquished his; whereupon the lady threw herself into it, her hoops clattering heavily, without expressing the slightest thanks whatever. The student looked anxiously at the occupied spot as if he had lost or left something, and asked her to rise a moment that he might search the cushion. She acquiesced; student immediately glided into the place, and having installed himself allowed the lady to stand up the remainder of the journey, as a reward for her want of civility."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

CYRUS W. FIELD has written to the London *Times* in response to the statements of that journal in regard to the availability of the Atlantic Cable for the India Telegraph. Mr. Field says, after a minute examination by electricians and others, that the reported generation of heat in the cable is false, as no heat exists in the holds of the *Agamemnon* or *Niagara* beyond what is natural; that the cable tests as perfectly through its whole length as when it was first put on board the ships, and that there is not the slightest apprehension of any injury to the cable—experiments at a temperature of 135° Fahrenheit and extreme pressure of weight having been recently resorted to with very satisfactory results.

He also says that as regards the sale of the cable, the suggestion did not come from the Atlantic Company; and when offers were made they only consented to entertain them on condition that they could contract for a similar one to be made, and ready for them in time to secure its being laid at the earliest practicable moment in the spring. Mr. Field briefly disposes of the false insinuations against the Company, by asserting that they have nothing to conceal, and all their acts are open to public scrutiny.

SIR WILLIAM CODRINGTON SNUBBED AGAIN.

Some time since the *Times* had a sarcastic article on General Codrington's appointment as tutor to the Prince of Wales. Lieutenant-Colonel Blane, a friend of the General's, called on the editor, and asked him to insert the following extract of a letter, dated August 16, addressed by General Sir W. Codrington, before his departure from England, to Major-General Sir Charles Yorke, Military Secretary:

"Before leaving England, I am anxious that his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief should be aware of my perfect readiness to serve in India, should unfavorable accounts continue, and that he thinks my services could be useful, even temporarily. No one can feel more strongly than myself the wish never to interfere with those who, having had the brunt and hard work, ought to reap the reward. But there might arise occasions in other places; and I trust that his Royal Highness will not consider rank or former high command to be a bar on my part to employment in any lower military capacity where difficulty or active service is going on."

On which the *Times* simply remarks:

"We trust it is no part of the gallant General's duty in his new office to instruct his royal pupil, the Prince of Wales, in the correct use of the English language."

LADY FRANKLIN'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Captain Collinson writes to the *Times:* "I have much pleasure in informing you that letters have been received from Captain M'Clintock, in the *Fox*, at Baal's River, in Greenland, where he had put in for the purpose of sending home M. Lewis, one of his crew, who was seized with spitting of blood, which rendered it advisable for him to leave the Arctic regions as soon as possible. The friends and relatives of those embarked, as well as those who wish success to the expedition, will be gratified to learn that thus far the progress made has exceeded our anticipation, and that in point of time he is fifteen days in advance of Captain Inglefield, in his memorable voyage of 1852. The vessel is found to answer admirably well, and by means of steam forced her way through the pack into Frederickshall, where they replenished their coal and then proceeded to Baal's River, off the entrance to which they met the Danish vessel bound to Copenhagen. Captain M'Clintock, after touching at Disco, intends passing through the Wargat Straits and calling at Proven and Upernavic for dogs. The Danes report that the winter has been a very stormy one, which will have the effect of breaking the ice up and rendering the head of Baffin's Bay clear."

A MOUSE IN A CHILD'S STOMACH.

A few days ago a child named Tomlinson, of Green Lane, Sulcoates, died, after a lingering illness. It appeared that, in May last, the child passed a full-grown mouse, minus its head. The mouse had run down the child's throat while playing in a field near Stoneferry, where its parents then resided. After that time the child continued ailing more or less until death, the immediate cause of which was supposed to have been diarrhœa (!).

FRANCE.

THE EMPRESS AT A BULL-FIGHT.

On Sunday, August 30, the Empress proceeded to St. Esprit, after witnessing a regatta on the Adour, to attend the bull-fight. She was accompanied by the persons usually in waiting, and by a number of Spanish ladies, one or two of whom wore the costume of the Andalusian maja. The Basque population were not numerous, owing to religious scruples; they preferred waiting till the following day. Three thousand strangers had, however, come in from Bordeaux, Mont de Marsan, Dax, Toulouse, Pau, and various other parts of the neighboring departments, in addition to the ordinary floating population of Bayonne. The hotels, lodging-houses, and other places of entertainment were insufficient for the accommodation of the strangers. The court-yards had to be fitted up as temporary dining-rooms, and sleeping room was provided in the corridors. Several who could not find a shelter in the houses passed the night *à la belle étoile*, and snatched a few hours' repose the next morning in the fields. This was no great inconvenience, as the weather was beautiful. When the Empress entered her box in the bull-ring more than 6000 persons had already taken their places. The bull-fighters and the public were becoming rather impatient at the sport being delayed so much beyond the usual time, waiting for the court. Operations were begun without any delay, and lasted the usual time. The six bulls were speared, pierced with darts, and fought in the ordinary fashion, and were at last killed when their turn came. The bull-fighters did their best to merit the applause of the Empress and the ladies who occupied her box, and who were more competent than the mere French spectators to appreciate the ability of the *artistes*. These distinguished persons entered fully into the spirit of the amusement, and applauded at the proper moment. No accident occurred like that of the previous Sunday, and the maiming of a human being was fortunately wanting to the excitement. The Empress and her party remained to the last moment. They returned late in the afternoon to Biarritz, and a ball at the Villa Eugènie terminated the festivities of the day.

THE EMPEROR'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE INDIAN FUND.

The following is the translation of a communication from the French Embassador to the Lord Mayor of London:

"ALBERT GATE, *September* 7.

"MY LORD MAYOR,—I have received from the Emperor the following dispatch:

"'I send you £1000 sterling as my personal subscription in favor of the officers and soldiers so cruelly afflicted in India. I also send you £400, the result of the subscription of the Imperial Guard. We have not forgotten the generous subscription of the Queen and of the English people at the time of the inundations.'

"Receive, my Lord Mayor, the assurance of my high consideration,

"F. DE PERSIGNY, Ambassador de France.

"I send herewith an order for £1400 sterling."

HOW THEY KEEP HOTELS AT PARIS.

The Company of the Grand Louvre Hotel has just published the following succinct detail of its expenses:

Receipts of the Grand Hotel du Louvre, exclusive of the Rent of the Shops and the other Property of the Company.

1857.	Gross receipts.	Average per day
Month of August	253,450f. 50c.	8175f. 80c.
First seven months........	1,447,836f. 74c.	6829f. 41c.
Total receipts of first eight months of 1857	1,701,287f. 24c.	7001f. 17c.
Total receipts of first eight months of 1856	1,382,907f. 24c.	5691f. 23c.
Difference in favor of 1857	318,380f. 00c.	
Average increase per day		1309f. 95c.

It is said that the company have an intention of attaching to this grand hotel a hospital for sick inmates, from which, in case of death, the inmates may be removed without their "slovenly, unhandsome corses coming between the wind and nobility" of more fortunate guests. In all hotels of Paris a casualty of this kind is considered a serious interference with their traffic, and the moment a party is attacked with dangerous symptoms every device is set on foot to induce the friends to remove the patient to a *maison de santé*. If the nuisance is great on a comparatively small scale, of course in a colossal institution like the Hotel du Louvre it is immense; and a few days ago Mr. Sergeant Glover, the proprietor of the London *Morning Chronicle*, had the misfortune to lose his nephew while staying at the hotel; and, from the state of the weather and other circumstances, the removal of the dead body became a matter of such instant importance that an action of law is to decide which of the parties was in the wrong. The hotel lost no less than one hundred and forty guests for ten nights in consequence. As institutions on a similar scale have long been established with you, it would be well if the authorities at the Louvre made themselves acquainted with the usage in America on melancholy occasions of this nature.

THE PERSIAN EMBASSADOR A FREEMASON.

It is stated that Feroukh Khan, the Persian envoy, has become a freemason, and has been received into the lodge of Sincere Friendship, belonging to the Great Orient of France. Freemasonry has of late been steadily progressing in Mohammedan countries, and particularly at Trebizonde and in those parts of Turkey which border upon Persia. In Northern Africa freemasonry has made similar progress. Now it is evident that any common intellectual and moral ground between those that profess different religions is worth something in the interest of good-will and national fraternity. If the freemason can enter where the missionary is driven back, he merits well from the rest of mankind.

FAILURE OF THE CREDIT MOBILIER.

Evil days have fallen on the Crédit Mobilier of France; that wonderful machine which was to be the lever for moving the financial world at its pleasure. Although the institution carried within itself, most unmistakably, the seeds of great peril, and almost certain ruin, we were scarcely prepared to see its *prestige* disappear so rapidly, or find the public so soon abandon the worship of the golden image it had set up. For months past its power and influence have been steadily declining, and with them the price of its shares, which has dwindled from above £75, the quotation the £20 share once reached, to £34. that of last week. This represents a fall of above £50 per cent., since September, 1856, and where it will end no one at present seems inclined to guess. The capital of the Company is £240,000, of which, at the date of the last accounts tendered, about £36,000 were invested in the public funds, and the remainder in various shares, the value and convertibility of which mainly depended on the power of keeping up the fever of excitement in the Bourse. It owed on current accounts £4,052,000, and the bulk of this sum was likewise invested in loans on bonds and shares, the value of which hung also on a tenure which events have shown to be somewhat frail. The mere knowledge that any break-down of this immense gambling-house would throw upon the market securities to the amount of above four millions, aggravates most seriously the effects of any unfavorable rumors. Nor does the evil end there. We long ago stated that the Crédit Mobilier was a peril to the whole of the Continent. Its unfortunate prosperity—unfortunate for all unconnected with it, led astray the weak and unsound financialists—the speculative and the needy—throughout Europe. The failure of the great prototype would bring down the numerous imitations which have sprung up in Germany and Spain, and would seriously check, if not entirely stop, the progress of the numerous works set on foot by them. Already we find the Austrian public feeling itself pinched by the vast mass of railways, good in themselves, but undertaken somewhat recklessly at the instigation of the Crédit Mobilier of France, and the golden visions of shareholders are fading away. In France, the good sense of the Government and the powerful means at its disposal have served to check the progress of the mischief, but not until its effects had made themselves severely felt. For the Crédit Mobilier has been the parent of a host of smaller associations, all founded with one object, that of profiting by the blindness and infatuation of share gamblers, to raise up fortunes for their managers.

A HORSE-FIGHT AT PARIS.

Some days since the talk was about the Persian Embassador's coachman. It is now his Excellency's horses that have become notorious. A few days ago his secretary was thrown from one of them in the Avenue Montaigne, and on the servant hastily dismounting, and going to his master's assistance, the two horses, finding themselves thus relieved of their riders, immediately rushed at each other, and commenced biting and kicking with the most desperate violence. At this moment a cab drove up, containing two ladies, and immediately the infuriated animals, forgetting their mutual animosity, joined forces, and fell on the cab, which they upset; the ladies being subsequently extricated, fortunately without injury. After this feat, away dashed the Persian steeds, and capsized a small hand-cart on their road, drawn by a man, who received a severe wound in the thigh. The aspect of these horses is not prepossessing. They have long ears, flapping backward, large eyes, and small noses. They drop much behind, and have ragged hips. Their gait resembles precisely that of a horse endeavoring to walk fast, who has lost one or both of his hind shoes.

THE EMPEROR AT CHALONS.

The first manœuvres of the army in the camp at Chalons took place the other day. A great battle was fought with an enemy who was imagined to be in the neighborhood of the camp. The Emperor commanded in person and the enemy was totally routed. The Emperor was quite satisfied at the appearance of the troops and the soldierly qualities displayed by them on the occasion. In addition to the usual allowance the troops receive a ration of wine every day, so that they lead a very pleasant life at the camp. On Saturday the first representation was given at the Theatre of the Prince Imperial, the actors being the sub-officers and soldiers of the First Regiment of the Guard. The Emperor was present at the representation, and was received by the comedians with great enthusiasm.

"The Emperor," says a letter from the camp, "leads a complete camp life; from noon to three o'clock, during the exercises, his Majesty is on horseback; the remainder of the day he is engaged in his cabinet, and up to this time he has taken no walking exercise to any distance. At half past six his Majesty dines, covers being every day laid for thirty. There are about one hundred and fifty superior officers in the camp, and they are each invited in their turn. After dinner some whist tables are formed, but the party does not remain late, as the Emperor retires to rest at an early hour. Every morning he is engaged in his cabinet, and the telegraph is actively at work."

It appears that the strength of the troops now assembled at the camp of Châlons amounts to 21,250 men, and 5860 horses, divided as follows: Infantry light regiments, 14,000 men; cavalry, six regiments, 4500 men; six batteries of horse and six of foot artillery, 2000; two companies of engineers, 200; and one squadron of the wagon train, 550. If to the above be added the detachments of gendarmerie, pompiers, administrative services, etc., the total number assembled will amount to about 23,000 men and 6000 horses.

INDIA.

FIGHTING BEFORE DELHI.

A letter from the camp says: "At about four on the 30th the insurgents took up a most capital position, about a mile from our camp, and commenced operations with some very heavy guns. My company, 'D,' was ordered in advance, got under a wall, and returned the fire in first-rate order. I fired the first shot on our side. We remained under cover and unsupported for about half an hour, when the remainder of our boys came up at the double, and our captain was ordered to charge the guns. Off we galloped. They sent several rounds of grape and cannister into us, but we dodged them. As soon as we saw the explosion down we went flat on our faces, and up, off, and down again before we could say 'Jack Robinson.' We got up to the guns, drove the niggers to the devil, and thought we were all right, when off went their ammunition. They had put a slow match to it. Our captain (J. Andrews) and four men were killed by the explosion, and several wounded. We captured the 24-pounder siege gun and five others. Their field batteries they took away. They next took up their position in front of a large walled village, and fought like devils. We drove them into the village and set fire to it. We were obliged afterward to go through the fire and drive them out. At last we broke them. A small band, about thirty, got together at the back of the village, and stood their ground till the whole were killed. They actually crossed bayonets with ours, and met their death like Trojans. We returned to camp about nine P.M. At two o'clock the next day they came out again, and fought the same battle over again. We drove them from their position, and that was all. They numbered about 6000, with a great many guns. Their cavalry charged our guns over and over again. Both men and officers who have fought side by side with them say they could not have imagined that any of the native troops could have fought so well. I had several very narrow escapes, but one particularly so. In the village I went into a hut; one of the gents was behind the door; as soon as I showed my nose he made a chop. I twigged him in time, took a step to rear, fired through the door, and cooked his goose. No quarter to be given, as they give us none. We were obliged to shoot their wounded. They fought more desperately when hurt than when whole."

EXECUTION OF MUTINEERS.

The following is an extract of a letter written by Major Macdonald, commanding the 5th Bengal Irregular Cavalry, after the attack upon him and his brother officers, in which, it will be remembered, Sir Norman Leslie was murdered:

"Two days after, my native officer said he had found out the murderers, and that they were three men of my own regiment. I had them in irons in a crack, held a drumhead court-martial, convicted, and sentenced them to be hanged the next morning. I took on my own shoulders the responsibility of hanging them first, and asking leave to do so afterward. That day was an awful one of suspense and anxiety. One of the prisoners was of very high caste and influence, and this man I determined to treat with the greatest ignominy, by getting the lowest caste man to hang him. To tell you the truth, I never for a moment expected to leave the hanging scene alive, but I was determined to do my duty, and well knew the effect that pluck and decision had on the natives. The regiment was drawn out; wounded cruelly as I was, I had to see every thing done myself, even to the adjusting of the ropes, and saw them looped to run easy. Two of the culprits were paralyzed with fear and astonishment, never dreaming that I should dare to hang them without an order from Government. The third said he would not be hanged, and called on the Prophet and on his comrades to rescue him. This was an awful moment; an instant's hesitation on my part and probably I should have had a dozen of balls through me; so I seized a pistol, clapped it to the man's ear, and said, with a look there was no mistake about, 'Another word out of your mouth and your brains shall be scattered on the ground.' He trembled, and held his tongue. The elephant came up, he was put on his back, the rope adjusted, the elephant moved, and he was left dangling. I then had the others up, and off in the same way. And after some time, when I had dismissed the men of the regiment to their lines, and still found my head on my shoulders, I really could scarcely believe it."

A YOUNG LADY'S SENTIMENTS.

A young English lady of nineteen writes from Murree, Punjab: "They are fighting splendidly before Delhi. When Aunt L—— and I went out into the veranda these men were loading their muskets and sharpening their bayonets, and looking not a little pleased at the prospect of a 'row.' Aunt said to one, 'If those mutineers come up to this house, shall you let any of them escape?' The man smiled grimly, and said, 'Not one.' I did not feel at all frightened, I am glad to say, though it was enough to make one fear when one knows how they cut the ladies at Delhi into pieces before each other's eyes; and as for the poor children, they set them in the burning sun with nothing on their heads, and gave them no water, till they went mad! It makes me so ferocious to think of it, I long to go and fight the wretches myself! They say our men fight like heroes. Some English hid themselves for some days in a mosque at Delhi. At last the Sepoys told them that if they would come out their lives should be spared. They did; and one lady said, 'You may kill me if you will give my child a little water.' They took her child from her and killed it, and then took all the rest to the palace, where they were murdered before the king."

INFERNAL ATROCITIES OF THE SEPOYS.

A letter from Paris says: "One of the saddest, cruelest, or I should say most diabolical incidents of the Indian mutiny has been furnished of a young lady married four years ago at the British Embassy. Her name was Clement. She was the daughter of a clergyman nearly related to the family of an Irish earl. A more beautiful creature, when in all the pride of eighteen she stood at the altar, it is not possible to conceive. She married a young captain of the name of Tower, of the 64th native infantry of Bengal. Her family, consisting of her mother, sister, and young brother, are now living in the Rue Torredos, in Paris. They have just received intelligence that on the 20th of June their interesting relative was sacrificed in the following brutal manner. Her two lovely children, a boy and girl, were massacred joint by joint while living, before her eyes, after she herself had been delivered over successively to the brutal lust of three fiends in human shape. From the scene of her mutilated children she was carried away and placed in a hot bath, after which a sleeping potion was given her and she was put to bed. The next day she was brought down again into the presence of other devils in human guise, six of whom having again gratified their diabolical lust, threw her out of the window to be scrambled for by the soldiery. In the evening her head was found impaled on an iron stake. The husband has since blown his brains out. I have read the letter recounting these atrocities."

THE FLIGHT FROM GHANSI.

An officer thus describes the horrors of the flight:

"We had nearly forty women and children to look after, and seventy-nine men were quite unable to protect them on the march, and they were the real masters now. All our orders were obeyed, and the men were servants to us, cleaning our horses, etc., but we could not enforce their presence with us on our way. Next morning, at day-break, the men who held the pass fired into us. Our men fired in the air, or without an aim, and then fell back. The Major now came to his senses, and was himself, from being a child, who spoke of a mango, or something to eat or drink, as if it were his life, and he, and Jackson, and Franks, did their best to bring the men up to the attack, but they all melted away fast panic-stricken. Poor Barber never had strength to do any thing from the moment we started. Ewart, poor Townsend, and I, kept our ground with a few men, ten or twelve, who stood by us, and we fired away at the rascals. One of them afterward saw the drum-major elsewhere, and said we had killed fourteen. I saw none fall. I could not go for more men, lest the few that were standing should follow me. We kept the rascals at a distance, and long out of shot of the women. At last poor Townsend fell, shot through the breast; he said, 'My God, I am hit!' and fell, turning over and over. I lifted him, and saw the blood coming from his heart. I said, 'I think we must go.' At any rate, we all moved back. The main party were a long way off, the men, I am ashamed to say, walking very quick. I knelt beside the poor fellow when we were left alone, and prayed that he might speedily rise in the resurrection to joy. I brought away his sword and left the body. He was a brave, warm-hearted fellow, and would have been a fine officer. We walked or rode all that day till 3 P.M.; not a buggy or carriage was brought away. Mr. Mawe and Mr. Smalley walked from daylight till past noon on foot. I was alone in the rear all the time, with some of the women and two children. I sent Ewart on to find out where the main body had gone, as they were a long way out of sight. He seems to have lost his senses with the sun, for he told the corps I was in a city close to them, when I was miles behind; the main party pushed on, and every one had to follow as they best could. Our enemies followed till we came to a native chief's lands, and then stopped. A village fired on us, and we were threatened on every side. Mr. Carne, who had joined us, left us now, and went to the Ghorkoree Raja, who took him in and protected him."

My part that day was terrible. I had to try to lug along two fat old women, while I carried three children on my horse, and tried to keep back the Sepoys who were with me. The senior havildar got more and more savage, and wanted me to leave the children and women, but I would not, and, thank God, they did not leave us. I came at last to Mr. Smalley sitting beside his wife; she seemed dead, but it was doubtful, so I took her up before me, and gave a boy to my waiter who had got hold of my horse. I was on poor Townsend's, and I went on thus some distance. It was a most arduous task to keep the utterly inert body on the horse, as I placed her as women ride; but after a while she seemed dead. I held a consultation about it, and we left the body. I then got on foot. I was lame from an awful kick of a horse, and had only a strip of cloth on one foot, but poor Smalley was worse off, and he got on my horse, and Mrs. Tiernay behind; her two children each got a seat on the two horses, and thus I reached the main body. I found on the way a golosh the poor major had dropped; it was very useful to me. At noon the sergeant-major died before me in the most awful way of apoplexy; he fell as if struck, rose and fell, and staggered."

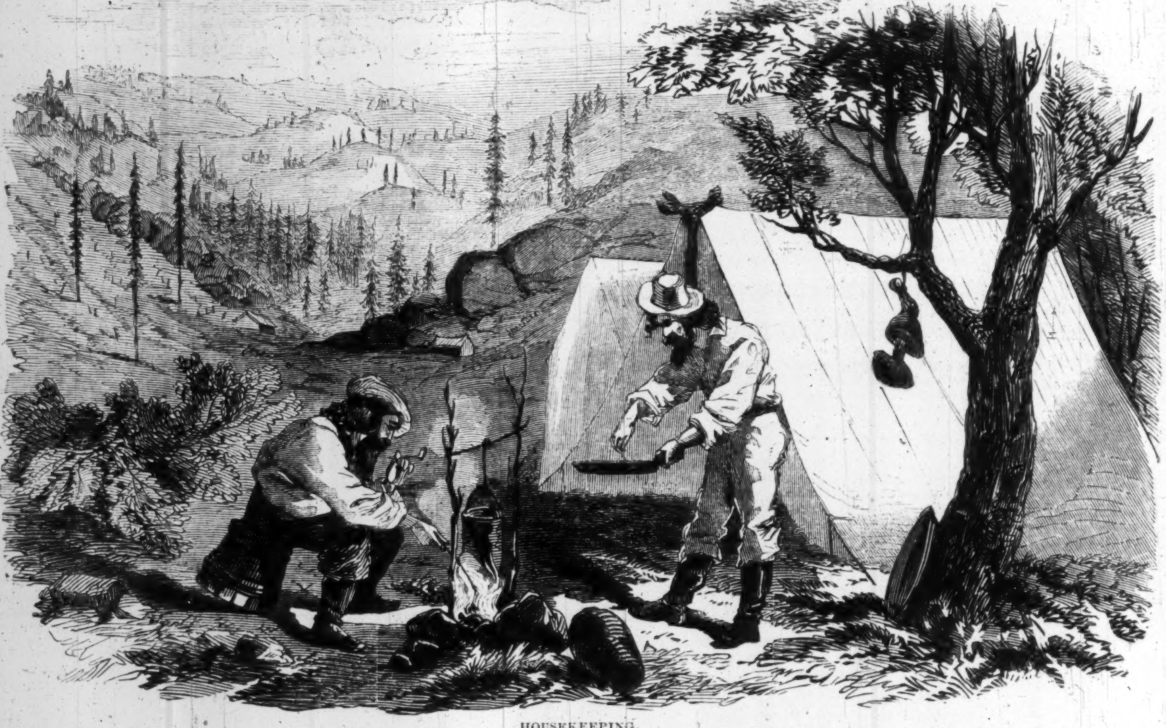
BEGINNING OF REPRISALS.

An artillery officer writes from Mhow:

"We are not very regimental now. I have been out two days with three guns, recovering stolen property and setting fire to villages. After the first day's work all the native drivers left us (on the 2d inst.), so we had no choice but to mount and drive ourselves. Three of the drivers returned, one so late that we taught him to dance upon nothing. We are hanging all we can get hold of. The gallows is just in front of one of our siege batteries. We have mounted 12 heavy guns, six in front and four in rear, also one in front of each battery inside, so that if they take the outside ones, they will have to come through a gateway up to the muzzles of our 18 guns. In all we have 24 guns, from 9 to 24 pounders. The inside of the place is like a fair. It is not much more than 200 yards square, and we have all our horses, bullocks, carts, carriages, furniture, etc. We have every thing up from the barracks. Officers work with pickaxe and spade just the same as the men. All are alike so far as duty goes. Officers do sentry at night with firelocks on their shoulders. It is a mercy that any of us are alive, and nothing but the hand of Providence saved us all from a bloody death. It was not known to the natives in this station where we were when we went toward Indore, or they would have cut all the Europeans who remained in the station to pieces. One troop of cavalry came up and met us to cover our guns. They (the natives) could have made nice work of us in a narrow road, but they had no pluck. Thank God we were back and had a little time to spare before they commenced. You must excuse this scrawl. We are all living in sheds, and doing the best we can. The square is covered with tents, and we sleep in the open air every night. I expect we shall move out of this when we get a reinforcement. We have about 30 volunteers, civil and others. God bless you. I am thankful for the mercies He has shown me, nothing but His hand could have saved us in the way we have been saved. I expect when we get out we shall cut up all we come across. Mark my words, there will be great bloodshed in this country before long. John Company will not have his subjects murdered in this way without some satisfaction. There are old soldiers here who say this is twenty times worse than any campaign, for this reason, we do not know the moment that we may be attacked by the insurgents, or yet their number. You may be glad of this letter, for it is a great chance when you may get another, for they stop and rob the mail. Keep up your spirits and trust in God. I am sure He will not forsake those who trust in Him. I have seen His hand put forth in our defense already, and I thank God for our escape. Another thing, the rains stopped, and we have had none since we came in here, only one shower; before the row commenced the rain came down in torrents. This massacre has sickened all Europeans, and set them against this country and the black blood that is in it. I shall never like a black man again."

MINING LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

CHINESE MINEES.



HOUSEKEEPING.

"LADY'S CHAIN!"

THERE seems scarcely a limit to the future production of gold in California. Despite the confident predictions of unsuccessful adventurers that the mines would soon be exhausted, the exact opposite seems to be the case; for deposits are now being reached by the new processes of exploration which stagger all calculations. There is no good reason why the gold region of California should not continue to produce its $50,000,000 per annum at least during the present century, and most probably for a much longer period. To make good such an assertion it would be necessary to go much more into detail, and explain the system of gold-washing and the inexhaustible field which the miners have settled upon for future operations, than could be given in this sketch. It should be understood, however, that, excepting the cases of the Chinese, who continue to use the old methods, rockers, cradles, and the like primitive machinery have been long since discarded, and a system adopted commensurate with the character and importance of the labor. This is known as "hydraulic mining," and is rapidly superseding all others—as, with the canals which supply the water for such operations, it gives employment to at least two-thirds of the mining population of the State.

It has been ascertained, by "prospecting," that many extensive ranges of hills have more or less of "the color" of gold in them: that is, that while the lower stratum or bed-rock forming the base of the hills is generally sure to yield well, there are in addition some specks of gold diffused entirely through the body. It is needless to say that, by the old exploded process of the rocker and pan—by which perhaps half a ton of earth might be washed in a day—the laborer in such soil would reap but a scanty return. To remedy this, it became necessary to adopt some new agent by which more earth could be worked. The surface diggings having been, to a great extent, "cleaned out," the continuance of mining seemed to depend upon such a plan being adopted. The new agent introduced was water, which is now sold "by the inch" by companies, who conduct it, sometimes from a distance of a hundred miles, by canals, into sections of gold-bearing country, for the greater part of the year destitute of water. The extent of this business alone may be estimated from the fact that there are now over 5000 miles of those canals in California. The water is led from an elevation sufficient to admit of its passing with immense force through a hose and pipe, which, in the hands of one workman, is directed against the base of the hill intended to be worked. The operation is precisely that of a fire-engine playing upon a burning house. One man will cut large caverns into the side of a hill by the mere force of the water directed against it, and at intervals great landslides or falls of the superincumbent mass take place, thus bringing down an amount of earth in proportion to the number of hose in use. Hundreds of tons are thus tumbled down in a day, and washed through wooden sluices charged with quicksilver, which, extending in "riffles" along its entire length, catches and retains the greater part of the gold. Comparatively few persons in the Eastern States, in reading the morning papers announcing the semi-monthly arrival of a steamer with $1,500,000 in gold dust, realize the extent of the labor which must be constantly executed to maintain this great supply, which, after all, is far from being the entire gold product of the State. Mining has now become systematized, and is a "business," as much so as farming or the labor of the mechanic. The desultory and hap-hazard style of mining known in the early days of surface washing has given place to more certain and effectual operations, yielding more uniform profits, and employing the talents of engineers, mechanics, and men of science. Instead of the solitary cabin and savage manner of living in isolated, miserable tents and huts, about which, in former days, so much was written, may now be seen permanently located families who have made California a home, and have introduced the comforts and pleasures of society. Still, there is much of the ludicrous in life in the mines, and the strange adventures, fights, amusing incidents, and variety of camp-life are yet to be found in the more retired places.

As the Chinese have become a feature in the towns where they have located, they are not less peculiar in their habits in the diggings. On their arrival at San Francisco they organize under the direction of a resident chief, whose orders are implicitly obeyed. This chief contracts with the steamboat proprietors to transport an entire shipload at once to Sacramento or Stockton, whence they pass by squads into the mines. They generally take up abandoned claims, and form little villages sometimes of a hundred persons. They communicate but little with the towns, owing to the jealousy of American miners, who regard them as nuisances, and often drive them violently away from any rich diggings they may have happened upon. There is perhaps some grounds for this enmity. It is urged that the Chinese are of no benefit, either by industry or trade, to the community; jealously hoarding every ounce of gold, and returning to China with it. They buy no American clothing, generally bringing their own stock, and living mainly upon rice, which they also bring with them. An immigration tax, amounting almost to prohibition, was once imposed, but was so repugnant to the views of many conscientious persons that it was not rigidly enforced, and the prejudice against the Celestials and Mexicans is happily fast wearing away. The broad principle of universal toleration is the only one which can be consistently adopted in America; but in California particularly, whose progress is so greatly dependent on an increase of population to develop her resources, immigration of industrious people should be carefully encouraged.

Wherever the Chinese locate they are apt to make money; more owing to their plodding industry than to any tact or energy they may display. Their camps are wonderfully clean. Passing through one of the

FARO.

larger ones, you will find many of them at their toilets, getting their heads shaved, or platting each other's pig-tails. At meals they squat in groups around queer little black dishes and pots, helping themselves with their fingers. Rice, which is their staff of life, they toss with such surprising quickness down their throats, that one hardly knows which most to admire, their dexterity in the use of the chopsticks, or the unaccountable manner in which the food disappears. They scarcely seem to chew at all, but keep up a continuous chain of rice from the dish into their mouths, somewhat as the lazaroni in Naples gulp down macaroni.

There has been from the first an inveterate hatred between the Chinese and the Indians. The latter soon found it useless to attempt any opposition to the whites, and tacitly admitted their supremacy; but the sight of a Celestial pig-tail set their bristles on end in a twinkling, and peaceable as the Chinese are represented, they meet their enemies more than half-way. Some of the funniest battles on record have taken place between them. In these the Celestials array themselves in cotton armor, and sport veritable wooden swords and basket shields. The Indians generally use spears and other simple weapons, though both sides have at times "sailed in" with knives and fire-arms. On several occasions there have been half a dozen of the belligerents left dead on the field. When one of these battles is about to take place, the news is circulated far and near, and the occasion is observed as a sort of holiday and general merry-making. The authorities never think of interfering, on the principle of the woman who witnessed the fight between her husband and the bear. It is a matter of little moment who gains the day, as a thinning-out of either party is considered a public benefit. When they get at close quarters weapons are dropped, and the martial display degenerates into a scuffle, in which tattooed faces, pig-tails, wooden shoes, gongs, dust, sticks, and the mellifluous exclamations of the combatants, mingle in splendid confusion. The Chinese, as a general thing, get the worst of it, and when they turn tail to run, no language can describe the laughter and hurrahs of the multitude. The reader, however, must not suppose from this that the miners are all of this rowdyish stamp. There are thousands who rule and give a tone to society in the interior who would do honor to any community. Indeed, so many have brought with them and retained the New England propriety of conduct, that their influence is recognized as powerful in every public matter.

Woman, too, has not been unmindful of her mission in California. In the far interior you will meet with accomplished ladies (the wives of ruined merchants or unfortunate speculators), whose exclusive manners and air of refinement show that from this retirement they look for a renewal of the scenes of luxury and comfort from which they have transiently exiled themselves. But besides these, there are the innumerable specimens of the genus "Pike"—the nervous, hard-featured, harder-working Western woman, who boasts that she does more work than her laboring husband, and whose daily routine of household duties comprise a work-list that would appall any but a Californian woman. These are the real pride and hope of the country, and to their noble presence is due the thousands of comfortable cottages, or humble cabins, where the miner repairs with a light heart after the healthful labors of the day. These are the true homes of California, whence is springing up the finest and most robust generation of children on this continent. If it be true that "a future President of the United States may be running barefoot and picking blackberries in Oregon," it is not less likely that another, in some mountain village of California, may be studying out with his puzzled little brains the operations of a quicksilver machine, or poring industriously over the pages of *Harper's Magazine* or *Weekly*.

There is a marked deference shown to women in California. Whether this is owing to the disproportion of the sexes, which renders ladies valuable according to their scarcity, or from a natural gallantry to be expected among a nation of young men, or to both, the astute reader must judge. A woman, like the king, can do no wrong. Several years ago, a woman was convicted of murder in one of the mining towns, and though it was rumored that the deed was done in the heat of just provocation, still there was no proof at hand, and she was sentenced to death. She was generally believed to be guilty, but still there was a repugnance in the minds of all to the sentence. On the day of execution thousands, as usual, flocked to witness the solemn but harrowing scene. After some delay, caused by the fainting of the criminal, she was led in a half-conscious state toward the gallows. A dead silence fell upon the crowd, but the nervous moving of shoulders and the compressed lips showed that a volcano was working beneath that calm exterior. A murmur of disapprobation began to be heard. A swarthy Missourian, who had looked with curiosity and pity on the woman, was heard to say,

"Dern my skin, but I believe that thar woman oughtn't to be hung!"

"She's a woman, and has suffered enough already," remarked another.

Several voices urged on the other side that she had been proved guilty, and the scene began to grow more exciting. A man with an open, determined face, and with the unmistakable air of the Texan ranger, slowly drew an immense Colt's revolver, and, speaking in a deliberate but loud tone, said,

"I'll kill the first man that tries to put a rope 'round her neck."

"Why shouldn't she be 'ung?" cried an interested cockney. "Iv'e seed a 'ooman 'ung in England for nothink else than stealink a silk gownd."

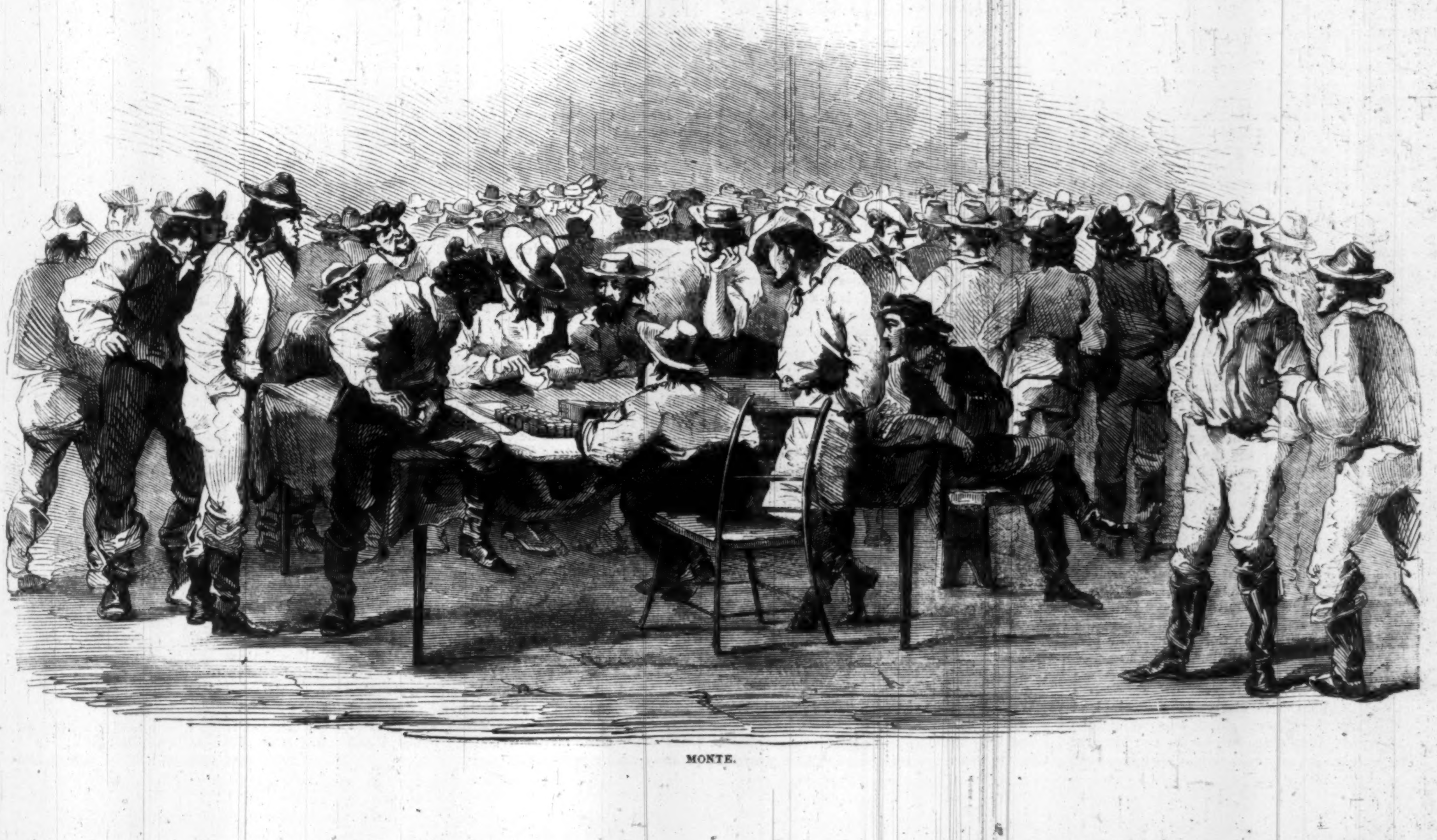
Fifty gruff voices responded, and over the noise and confusion was heard the report of a pistol. The cockney's hat flew off his head, the bullet just grazing his hair, and the affrighted but unharmed owner disappeared amidst a general laugh.

But the woman had now arrived at the foot of the gallows, and was staring wildly around her. It was but the work of a moment. Twenty men rushed up to where she stood, cleared a space, while not an officer dared to interfere. A hundred loaded revolvers in the hands of "infallible shots" kept all at bay. A lane was opened, and as the woman was set at liberty a dozen voices repeated:

"Run!"

She started, faltered, and looked affrighted and hesitatingly into the bearded faces around her.

"Make tracks, marm!" bawled the crowd, who had now become entirely enlisted in the cause of the rescue. "We'll see you through—now's your chance—*go it!*" And taking to her heels, the condemned glided away where none dared follow until she had made good her escape. It was enough that she was a woman. No matter what crime she had committed—she was a woman, and she should not be executed.



MONTE.

Those were in the earlier days of California; but although the supremacy of the law is now fully asserted, it is doubtful if even at this day a woman could be hanged in California, although one unfortunate *Mexicana* has thus expiated the crime of murder.

Although the population of the mining region counts by hundreds of thousands, the amount that is inhabited is comparatively small. In so vast a space it would require millions to form what is termed a thickly settled country. You may wander for days after passing the outskirts of some well-known mining place, and see no sign of life except perhaps a solitary "prospecter" like yourself, or, likelier still, the track of an exploring grizzly. Sometimes you will observe from the top of some commanding mountain a little wreath of smoke curling up from among the trees in the valley below, betraying the secluded tents of a few miners who have struck a rich lead and are stealthily working it out before their good fortune is discovered. Here they have "packed" a supply of provisions by night, and perhaps will not emerge from their hiding-place until the claim is thoroughly worked out. A few cooking utensils and the mining implements, with a mule or two on which to pack them, comprise their visible possessions; and if it is in the dry months, not even a tent is considered necessary. Their miniature world is bounded by undulating ranges, clad with the scanty foliage of the sierra foot-hills, and having a little amphitheatre, where, but for the telltale smoke, they might remain hidden for months. A bit of fried ham, some flippers, strong tea, and a comfortable whiff at the pipe, serve to make these rough adventurers perfectly contented with their wild life, especially if their diggings are profitable ones.

It was from secluded places like these, and from the numerous little collections of cabins and tents surrounding the mining towns, that the occasional balls were made up in the early days of the diggings. These respites from the monotonous toil of mining were highly relished, and entered into with a sort of frenzied delight. The music generally consisted of a fiddle or two, sometimes assisted by the guitar of some itinerant Mexican, who tendered his services for the prospective "drinks," always the perquisite of the musicians. It is customary, at such times, for the fiddler to take the responsibility of keeping the dancers all right. He goes through the dance orally, and at the proper intervals his voice is heard above the music and the conversation, shouting loudly his directions to the dancers, "Lady's chain," "Set to your partner," with other dancing-school words of command; and after all the legitimate figures of the dance had been performed, out of consideration for the thirsty appetites of the dancers, and for the good of the house, he always announced in a louder voice than usual the supplementary finale of "Promenade to the bar and treat your partners!"

It was a strange sight to see a party of long-bearded men, in heavy boots and flannel shirts, going through all the steps and figures of the dance with so much spirit, and often with a great deal of grace, hearty enjoyment depicted in their dried-up, sun-burned faces, and revolvers and bowie-knives glancing in their belts, while a crowd of the same rough-looking customers stood around, cheering them on to greater efforts, and occasionally dancing a step or two quietly on their own account.

The absence of ladies was a difficulty which was very easily overcome by a simple arrangement, whereby it was understood that every gentleman who had a patch on a certain part of his inexpressibles should be considered a lady for the time being. These patches were rather fashionable, and were usually large squares of canvas, showing brightly on a dark ground; so that the "ladies" of the party were as conspicuous as if they had been surrounded by the usual quantity of white muslin. Latterly dancing has become a more regular institution, and the "hops" that are got up in some of the inland towns are very pretty displays of white gloves, elegant dresses, and refined manners.

The curse of California, if there be one, and what has done more to retard its social advancement than fires, floods, or any other public calamity, is gambling. The propensity to gamble is greater in the mines than in the cities—a fact due to the general lottery of gold-digging, in which a man's fortune is believed to be ruled by luck rather than directed by perseverance. But mining is to a great extent a game of chance, and though constant industry is sure at last of its reward, years may elapse before a trump card turns up. In the diggings, where there are yet but limited means of amusement, gambling has been considered the only pastime. Its prohibition by legislative enactment has only put a stop to it in the larger towns.

More gambling is done on Sunday than on any other day, for then the miners have collected from the various diggings, and are ready with their "piles" to tempt the Blind Goddess. This, of course, they generally do to their sorrow, and as far as they are concerned more fortunes are lost than won. The playing proceeds nearly all day; but does not get "fast and furious" until evening, when the saloon, or by whatever name the room is known, is lighted up and the "dealers" are up to the proper mark for the night's work. The game, which has lagged all day, now becomes interesting. The room may be fifty by thirty feet in size, is lined inside with flashy calico, with a ceiling of white cotton to resemble plastering as nearly as possible. Groups of swarthy, bearded men, in red flannel shirts and heavy boots, are crowding into the place. All are armed—some with silver-hilted bowie-knives, others with heavy Colt's revolvers—these implements of defense being the most scrupulously neat articles about their persons. At one end stands the bar, to which most of the assemblage pay their respects; the losers to turn their luck, and winners to congratulate themselves on their good fortune. The clanking of coin, loud voices, snatches of songs, curses, laughter, and the rattling of glasses at the bar, fill the air; but over all, occasionally, comes the voice of the wide-awake dealer, who, intent on his game, and remembering that Sunday comes but once a week, is diligently gathering his harvest.

If the game is "Faro," it is dealt by the experienced Western gambler. You may know him by his keen, watchful eye, steady nerves, and impassible face. There are the lineaments of the ruffian with the intelligence of the practical sharper. His partner will display the same qualities to a greater or less degree. When the decisive card is being drawn, it is curious to watch the various expressions upon the faces of the betters. The little circle becomes suddenly silent, and all eyes are upon the nimble hands of the banker. As the result appears, you will hear long breaths drawn; some will pull nervously at their cigars, others curse their luck, a few gather up their winnings, and all "come down" with their bets.

In another part of the saloon the game of "Monte" is being played. This is the favorite pastime of the Spanish American, the cards being mostly dealt by Mexicans. There are fewer chances for the better on this game than on any other, not even excepting the redoubtable ones of "A, B, C," "Roulette," or "Cut-throat." It consists of placing one's stakes upon one of four cards which are thrown out of his pack upon the table by the dealer. He then continues to draw slowly from the remainder of the pack, and the first card which matches with any on the table wins. Those who have their money on that card receive in addition the amount of their bet; the others witness the wiping of their piles into the coffers of the bank.

It was a common thing for a miner to lose his last dollar, keep handsomely corned until Monday morning, then go in debt at the store for provisions which he would "pack" off to his diggings on his back. Such a miner might delve in the very midst of gold and always be poor. The truth is that industry and economy are as essential to success in gold diggings as in any other business. On the practice or neglect of these principles every thing depends. A few years of a sober and prudent life in the mines of California will insure a competency, if one chooses to bring himself down to the ordinary customs of civilized life. And there, sooner than in any other place, a man without worthy aims and of weak principles will go to perdition. The time, however, is approaching when, the surface diggings being exhausted, the great system of hydraulic mining and the consequent growth of companies will place the most available places under the control of capitalists. Thus the single adventurer will not enjoy the unbounded field to be offered in the next eight or ten years. The intervening space, which may with truth be reckoned among the palmy days of California, should not be unimproved by the gold-seeker. The mines truly are inexhaustible, but they are still open to the whole world.

COLD IN THE HEAD.—A CONFESSION.

BY dabe is Jodes—Daddle Jodes. I ab the bost biserable bad udder the sud. I ab eterdally catchig cold; by doze is everlastigly gubbed up, so that I dever cad talk plaid. I have tried every thig id the world to prevedt it, but the cold will cub id spite of be. Subber ad widter, it is all the sabe; I breathe through by bouth frob Jaduary to Decebber, frob the begiddig to the edd of the year. I've tried Allopathy, Hydropathy, Hobeopathy, ad Tobsodiadisb; every systeb of bedicid, but id vaid. All kides of teas, drabs, ad old wibbed's dostrubs have bid tried; I've swallowed edough of theb to drowd be; but's do use. Dothig udder heaved cad keep by feet warb, dothig keep be frob catchig cold.

I ab dot rich, I ab dot poor; but I had rather be a beggar, ad orgad-grider's budkey, the beadest thig you could dabe—ady thig—rather thad be a bad with a stopped-up doze. I ab very fod of wibbed's society, but I dare dot go idto cubpady; people are too polite to evidce disgust, but every body becubs udeasy whedever I vedture dear theb. I wad't to barry; but dobody will have be with by doze—dever! dever! Oh! I ab idcodceivably udhappy!

Sub years ago I fell id love with a charbig girl. Her father was a bad of beads, ad she was the bost widdig little dabsel id the world. Ad she alode of all the world seebed dot to bide by bisfortude. Ad I loved her with a love of udibadgidable idtedsity; every atob of by beig adored her!

I deterbid to seredade her. Accordigly I shut byself up id by roob ad waited a log tibe, udtil by doze got albost edtirely well. At last, wud fide Autub dight, I vedtured forth, wrapped up to the eyes id cloaks, over-coats, shawls, hadkerchiefs, ad what dot; od by feet I wore the thickest kide of gub shoes. A bad of busiciads wedt alog with me. 'Twas after eleved o'clock whed we reached her residedce id a fashiodable ad retired street. After the bad had played a dubber of fide tudes, edough I thought to have waked her, I ordered theb to stop, so that I bight sig. I had studied several sogs, all bore or less sedtibedtal ad beladcholy, udtil I thought I was perfect. But do sooder had I pulled the hadkerchief off by doze ad bouth thad I caught cold. I cobbeded,

"'Twas ted o'clock wud boodlight dight;"

it souded very badly, so I thought I would try

"Whed twilight dews are fallig fast;"

but that was albost as bad as the first. But I had cub there to sig, and sig I bust. So I sug at the top of by voice,

"Cub, oh cub with be,
The bood is beabig;
Cub, oh cub with be,
The stars are gleabig,
And all aroud above
With beauty teabig;
Boodlight hours are beet for love!
Tra la lala la, ad so forth."

While I was goig od with "tra la lala la," codgratulatig byself bedtally upod by success, a yug fellow livig id the badsiod adjoidig by sweet-heart threw up a widdow ad shouted, "*Blow your doze, you dab fool! blow your doze!*" Ad all the bad of busiciads laughed log ad udfeeligly. Fadcy by feeligs! Shakig by cledched fist at the yug scoudrel id the widdow, I adathebatized hib with the bost awful ibprecatiods I could thidk of, udbideful who bight hear or who bight dot. Of the iddecedt ad udfeelig busiciads I took do further dotice thad to hurl theb their pay upod the groud. Then I barched hobe ad retired to by apartbedt, frob which I did dot eberge for budths.

I will dot edlarge upod the bortificatiod ad the bisery I eddured durig the idterbidable bobedts of by seclusiod. It is edough to say that the codditiod of by doze did dot id the least ibprove; od the coTtrary, it becabe worse ad worse.

It was with extrebe trepidatiod that I agaid vedtured id the streets—with fear ad trebblig that I badaged to obtaid a seebigly accidedtal idterview with by lady-love. She bet be as if dothig had ever happed. Frob that divide idstadt by attedtiod becabe barked ad exclusive. At codcerts, at preachig, at dadcig parties, at picdics, I was her idseparable ad delighted atteddadt. By the bargid of flowig streabs id the cudtry ad alog the sbooth pavebedt of the city, arb id arb, we grew idtimate, ad edjoyed the rapture knowd odly to codgedial souls. I bade good progress id her affectiods. Her dideteedth birth-day was celebrated by a sball but select party of her freds, byself abug the dubber. Durig the evedig it chadced that we foud ourselves seated od a sofa apart frob the rest of the cubpady. Dever had she looked so suprebely beautiful! Love idsedsibly becabe the thebe of by discourse. I grew eloquedt as I recoudted the history of that passiod id by owd case. I spoke of its bidglod paid ad pleasure; the ted thousad pags of woe; the byriad of udspeakable joys ad hopes. I told her all—every thig! I codcealed frob her dothig; I eved alluded to by udfortudate doze, ad fidally I brought the batter hobe by baking her ad udcodditiodal surredder of by heart ad had.

She becabe cribsod, hug dowd her head, ad spoke dot. Albost fredzied with blissful udcertaidty, I clasped her fairy fidgers ad exclaibed,

"Speak, Biss Daddie (her dabe was Daddie Tobsud); speak, I ibplore you! for the love of Heaved, do dot leave be id suspedse. You kdow dot, you cad dot codceive how closely by happidess, day, by very existedce, is wrapped up id yours. Thidk, ah! thidk of by-gode tibes—" Do sooder had I said this thad her little brother Joddy jubbed up frob behide the sofa and yelled out,

"Bar! oh bar! odly listed at Bister Jodes. He called sister 'Daddy,' and cussed her too!"

Flesh ad blood could dot stad this.

"Badab," said I to Bistress Tobsud, "what ab I to udderstad by this? Ab I id a respectable Christiad fabily, or ab I id a dudgeod of the Idquisitiod! What have I dud to call forth this biserable systeb of espiodage, ad that too with a dabbed little jackadapes who ought log ago to have beed id his truddle-bed? Dod't adswer be Bab; such ad idsult to a gedtlebad (do batter what bay be the state of his doze) is beyod the reach of ady expladatiod!"

Havig thus vedted by spleed, I cast a witherig gladce upon the cubpady, strode out of the roob, ad dever darked that door frob that day to this.

Dow I ask you caddidly, ab I dot the bost biserable of livig bed?

SECOND SIGHT.

CHARLES CLAVERS and I had been school-mates together. He was always a noble-hearted, generous fellow, unselfish to a fault, and ready at all times to sacrifice himself and his pleasures for the benefit of others. His was one of those minds which win the affection rather than master the intellects of other men. He had ability of a high order, but it was never properly developed by a well-guided, steady ambition. His fault—if fault that can be called which renders one man all the more lovable by his fellow-creatures—was too great a depreciation of his own mental powers, and hence it was that he never rose to that position in life for which he was eminently fitted both by nature and education. His character was one among a thousand, and it only required a deeper scrutiny than we usually give to the virtues of others to discover that his intellect was of a most refined and very superior order. Of light complexion, handsome person, and graceful address, he looked—what he really was—a perfect gentleman. I do not mean that type of gentleman which is turned out, according to regulation, from the mould of fashion. Nor yet would I have it understood that Charles Clavers belonged to that class who hold that the charms and graces of gentility are unattainable except by those who are born within certain prescribed rules. He used to disclaim all belief in the doctrine of hereditary virtue, on the ground that it involved the necessity of establishing that one, at least, of Noah's sons was a cultivated member of society. No; Clavers was of the true type; a gentleman in mind as well as in manner; sensitive about wounding the feelings of others; rarely giving offense; polite to all those who were socially beneath him; always ready to atone for an accidental injury inflicted; and holding it as dishonorable to neglect the payment of his just debts as to insult a woman or slander a friend.

I speak of him as he appeared to me on his return from Europe, at the age of twenty-four. We had not met for three years. During that time I had been working hard in New York; he had been traveling over the old world—throughout Europe and Asia—storing his mind with practical learning. The princely fortune he inherited gave him advantages which we poor devils have to do without. I noticed on his return that three years' absence among scenes so totally new and wholly exciting had not removed from his mind a singular and horrible impression it had received several years before—an impression which, by argument and every other means within my power, I had vainly striven to eradicate.

The incident to which I refer occurred about five years previous. We were but boys then. Both of us had only recently left college, and we were making a tour through the Western and Southwestern States, then sparsely inhabited, and giving little indication of the stupendous empire they have since become. After a long day's ride through a portion of Northern Missouri, we halted at a shanty whose proprietor professed to vend entertainment for man and beast. We were very tired, and did not scruple about taking whatever accommodation we could get, and the more so, as we could not have obtained shelter at all within a dozen miles of the place where we now put up for the night.

After supper—which, such as it was, we demolished with an alarming appetite, engendered by a long drive and rude health—we strolled out upon our host's farm, to enjoy the delicious softness of the weather. I remember the evening well. It had been sultry all day, but now a refreshing breeze sprang up—just enough to make the leaves shiver as though they dreaded the disappearance of the sun, which was fast sinking in all the splendor of midsummer glory. Earth and sky were drenched and dripping with a crimson flood. We were deeply impressed with the scene; and as we sauntered along we talked over future hopes and prospects—bright and high they were then, such as youths *will* fancy them to be, ere they have discovered how deeply drugged with adversity are the pleasures, enjoyments, and ambitions which so stimulate their ardor and excite their imagination.

And so we talked and walked in fancy over the fields of future fortune—our spirits rather subdued by the always melancholy glory of a sunset—until we returned to the house and retired to rest. I went up stairs to the only vacant bed in the establishment, and Clavers remained below, preferring to wrap himself in a blanket and sleep on a bench.

I soon fell asleep, and was first roused from deep, dreamless unconsciousness by a hand laid violently on my chest. I started up:

"Good God, Clavers! what is the matter?"

He was the picture of a maniac. His eyes were glaring wildly, and his lip was quivering with some unwonted excitement. He did not speak for some seconds, and as the light of the moon peered in, I could see that he was shaking like a man seized with ague.

"What's the matter, my dear fellow? Are you ill? What has alarmed you?"

"I have seen an unaccountable vision," he at length gasped out, while a shudder passed through his body.

"A ghost! Pshaw! how can you be so foolish and so inconsiderate to rouse me up at this time of night with such ridiculous nonsense!"

"Don't! for Heaven's sake don't laugh at me. I'm perfectly serious. It was no dream. I haven't been to sleep at all." And the poor fellow was so unmistakably affected by some hallucination that I gave up the idea of ridiculing him, and attempted to soothe him and bring him back to reason.

"You know," he continued, "I have no faith in what people generally call ghosts; but this is so strange, so incomprehensible;" and again he began to tremble violently.

"But what did you see?"

"Nothing that belonged to this earth;" his voice was deep and hollow with excitement. "It came from another world."

"Nonsense; you must be mad to talk thus. But go on with your story, and let me hear it out before I judge."

"When you left me," he said, "I think it was about ten o'clock. Well, I did not feel very sleepy; so, drawing my chair to the open window, I leaned my head on my hands and looked out upon the scene. I don't know how long I remained thus. I was looking at the moon as it rose from behind that clump of maple-trees we were admiring so much this evening. I first saw the glimmer of its approach in the sky above, then its rays peered through the leaves, and, finally, I could see the whole disc above the hillock. I think that during all this time I scarcely moved my position."

Here I involuntarily looked out, and saw that, even then, the moon had but slightly ascended above the point he indicated. It was now fully one o'clock in the morning, so he must have been sitting at the window about three hours. I made this reflection without speaking, and nodded to him to go on with his story.

"I was certainly not asleep," he resumed, "nor approaching it. Nor was I overexcited. No, Frank, you may smile incredulously if you will, but I was as sober-minded as I ever was in my life."

"Sober-minded! and looking out upon a moon-lit scene for three hours after having ridden forty miles! Is that very sober-minded, eh?"

"Well, well, it is the case, nevertheless. I was thinking on sober subjects, I can assure you. I was forming a grand determination to devote myself to some special pursuit or profession, when—remember I was leaning forward, with my head resting on my hands, which were placed thus on the window-sill—I felt, unmistakably felt, a cold hand placed on the back of my neck!"

"Pshaw! what a fancy!"

"Wait a moment. I tell you I felt it distinctly. I felt four fingers and a thumb encircling my neck. I felt them each separately, and I was paralyzed by the sensation, for there was something unearthly in the touch. They burned. I did not stir for some seconds, but when the hand gradually closed upon me like a vice, I sprang up—"

"Well, what did you see?" said I, becoming excited in spite of myself.

"I saw a hand—a human hand, without any connection with human body. It pointed to the wall, and there, in a flickering, uncertain light, I saw clearly written the date '13th of July, 1836.' It passed away almost immediately. Frank, you know my father died on the 13th of July, and I feel convinced that I have been forewarned in this way of the day of my own death."

"Nonsense; how can you, a man of common

sense and sound judgment, be influenced by such an absurd superstition? Why you have been asleep, unknown to yourself, and dreaming. Something similar has happened to myself a dozen times. That your brain was overexcited is sufficiently proved by the fact that, after a most fatiguing journey, you were unable to sleep. But you say that your neck was violently grasped. Let me see now," I said, jokingly, "what traces have been left upon it by this mysterious hand."

I led him to the window. Good God! I could scarcely believe my own eyesight. I was staggered and alarmed at what I saw, for, just over the nape of the neck, were the marks of four fingers as though they had been pressed into the flesh! Luckily his own preoccupation prevented him from noticing my agitation. So I passed the subject off with a forced laugh, and declared I could see nothing. Yet I was very much perplexed. Of course I refused to believe in any supernatural agency. I would rather, in those days, have disbelieved my own senses; but I have grown wiser since. But how to account for this phenomenon I knew not. I puzzled my brain to no purpose in thinking over it. We talked and reasoned on the event that night; we have talked and reasoned on it many a time since, and, while I took the side of the skeptic, Clavers always maintained that it was one of those rare instances which short-sighted mortals regard with incredulity simply because they are so very rare, in which Providence deigned to lift the vail of the Future, and give to one of his creatures a dim vision of his destiny. And so years passed away. He went to Europe, as I have said, and returned in the summer of 1835.

I counted among my warmest friends at this time the family of Mr. Hether, who possessed a beautiful country seat, to which he had given the name of Revel, on the banks of the Hudson, within half a day's drive of the city. It would not be recognized now, and therefore I need not describe the precise locality. I do not see any reason why I should be bashful or reserved on the subject, so I may as well make full confession that to Emily, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hether, I had been for some months engaged, and we were to be married as soon as my means would warrant the assumption of such grave responsibility. Emily had two younger sisters, Agnes and Maud, the former nineteen and the latter seventeen years of age. They were all considered beautiful and accomplished; and though I, of course, found in the object of my own choice all the perfection that man could desire, I am sufficiently candid to confess that the neighbors gave the palm of beauty to Maud, the youngest of these three graces.

She was indeed surpassingly lovely. Her large, deeply-shaded gray eyes were bewitching enough to fascinate and subdue the most insusceptible of men. Her figure, tall and well rounded, was the very embodiment of grace; but it was the classic shape of her head, with its masses of rich brown hair clustering round her temples and delicate ears, that excited most the admiration of the men and the envy of the women. I have never seen, before or since, such a glorious head of hair. It did not curl, nor did it seem to be plastered down or tied up in accordance with stupid fashion, but it was wreathed, after the wearer's peculiar but exquisite fancy, in splendid disarray about her head. I can recall sweet Maud to mind now as she used, on summer evenings, to sit at her mother's feet while other members of the family were grouped around. I can hear now the low music of her voice. It was worth a year's existence to look into her exhaustless eyes, and feel all their innocence and confiding trust. They had not learned to intrigue or to sham a sentiment that the soul did not feel, but, pure as an unclouded midsummer sky, they reflected truthfully every thought that was passing within. Though she was the most light-hearted and laughter-loving of girls, yet when in repose her countenance to me always wore an expression of sadness. But this was caused probably by the long, dark lashes that surrounded her eyes, by the strongly-marked brows, and, above all, by the habit she had of allowing her hair to hang over her temples, and checker her face with light and shade.

I believe that some of the young ladies in the village were venomous enough to call Maud a flirt. They were envious, poor things! that so many rural swains should lose their hearts to their fair rival. This was not a matter for wonder; but it would have been surprising, indeed, if these country lovers, when they sought any more exclusive privileges than those which friendship warranted, were treated otherwise than with coldness and indifference. At the time of which I speak Maud was only seventeen; and if any man interpreted her natural buoyancy and geniality into preference for himself, it was the suggestion of his own egregious vanity, and right well did he merit the disappointment in store for him. I will maintain before the world that beneath all Maud's gayety there was a mine of deep, true, womanly feeling, and she would have shrunk with horror from the thought of wounding even the vanity of a country boor, much more from any attempt to trifle with his honest affections.

I confess that I was greatly gratified when I first discovered that Clavers was captivated by the graces of my fair friend. I considered his subjugation a personal triumph, for I had schemed to bring about such a result. I took him to Revel in the autumn of 1835, and introduced him to the Hethers, with no other object in the world than that he should practically acknowledge the superior charms and fascinations of Maud. It was, I felt sure, the best remedy for his unhappy frame of mind. They were in all respects admirably suited to each other, and I was well pleased when I heard his confession that he was over head and ears in love. I was confident that, with his personal and mental attractions, his affection must soon be returned. I believed him to be irresistible with the sex. His own disposition, as I have already hinted, was not to entertain any exalted ideas of his powers or his perfections.

"Pshaw!" he abruptly exclaimed one Saturday afternoon in April, as we drove together toward Revel, where we were invited to spend the afternoon, "I have no chance to obtain such a prize. It is utterly beyond my reach. What have *I* to commend me in woman's eyes; without position in the world, and without energy, ambition, or intellect to secure one, why should *I* be loved above all others by such a creature as Maud Hether?"

"Such, my dear fellow, are the questions with which men in your unfortunate position invariably worry themselves. I can not argue with you on the matter. I can only urge the truth of the principle that perseverance conquers all things. If I wanted to inflate your vanity now, I might enlarge upon your peculiar powers of fascination among women. But I will not. When you win Maud, you will have drawn a great prize; and I do not pity you in the least for all the trouble and anxiety you may undergo in your endeavors to secure it. A woman easily won, you know, is scarcely worth having."

"There I don't agree with you; for I believe in the old vulgarism that 'every Jack has his Jill' in this world, if he only knew where to find her. When, however, they *do* meet, they are drawn immediately to each other by irresistible attraction. Now I have seen no such attraction on the part of Maud toward me. She does not display half the interest in my movements that she does in yours. But if she did, how can I venture to marry with the presentiment of a speedy death hanging over me? This is April; you know that next July is the time fixed for —— I wish to God it had come."

"Haven't you got over that folly yet?"

"It may be folly; I don't know. I only know that it weighs heavily on my mind and spirits."

"Well, Clavers, I hope you will become reasonable after this horrible July shall have passed, and will then devote your energy and remarkable powers to the pursuit of some worthy object. I too wish, for your sake, that this season was over. Depend upon it that a year hence you will be heartily ashamed of your foolish presentiment."

He took refuge in silence, as he usually did when his peculiar weakness became the subject of argument between us, and I received curt answers to all the remarks I ventured to make during the remainder of our drive.

It was delicious spring weather, and we spent a most delightful evening at Revel. It was one of the many happy evenings that, thank Heaven! have fallen to my lot in life. Emily was more than usually tender and gracious, and we agreed upon the day, distant though it was, which should see us married. I spoke to her about Maud, and asked her whether she had not noticed that Clavers was very much captivated by her beauty. Of course she had. When do women ever fail to notice such things?

"Your friend is peculiar," she said, with an arch smile. "He is almost too timid to win a girl's love; and to conquer Maud, especially, will require a bolder effort than he has yet made. The man Maud loves will be one of no ordinary character, and to such a one, with her enthusiastic impassioned nature, she will give herself up heart and soul and be like a child in his hands."

I did not quite agree with Emily. I thought Clavers so handsome—such an attractive fellow, with such winning ways, and so many accomplishments—that he was certain to secure the love of any woman whose love he sought. Emily and I were sauntering along the road at this time, and the subjects of our conversation were some distance ahead. I watched them a little nervously, for I had a sympathy then with young people under the influence of the blind god. I could see his tall figure bending down, every now and then, to catch what she said—a peculiar attitude by which the lover can be distinguished at once from the ordinary companion.

We all returned to the house late in the evening. It was long after dark, and Mr. and Mrs. Hether were waiting tea for us. Clavers entered silent, and, as I thought, more gloomy than usual. He sat down in a remote corner of the room, where he was shaded from the light, and refused to converse. I noticed it also, as rather singular, that Maud had gone up stairs to her room. These were bad omens for my friend's happiness.

"Where is Maud?" said her father, pettishly. "Why won't she come down?" She was his favorite daughter, and he never liked her to be away at evening. So the servant was sent for her, and after a few moments had elapsed Miss Maud made her appearance.

As she came into the room, and the light flashed upon her face, I could see, in despite of all her efforts to conceal the fact, that her eyes were red and swollen. She sat down, as was often her custom, on a stool at her father's feet, and bent over her embroidery, answering quietly, and with apparent unconcern, such questions as were asked of her.

I began to feel uneasy. I glanced involuntarily at Emily, and read in her eyes confirmation of my fears. Had Clavers been so precipitate as to propose, and had he been refused? I was anxious to learn the truth, but had no opportunity to inquire until after the family had retired for the night.

"Clavers, what *has* happened?" I asked, as soon as we were alone.

"Happened!" he cried, with a passionate toss of his head; "I've been refused—refused, as I expected, as I told you I should be! That's all. I can not remain here to-night. I must get out of this house. I want room to breathe in. I'm stifling!" And he turned hastily to the window, flung it up, and leaned out.

I followed, and endeavored to soothe him, for he was hardly master of his own actions. I led him out on the lawn, and there for an hour we paced up and down in silence.

I had no words of consolation for him. I did not dare, after what had occurred, to hold out any hope; and could only entreat him to be calm, and bear his disappointment like a man. He did not answer; and, after much persuasion, I induced him to go to bed. We agreed to return to town in the morning.

I lay awake, pondering over what had happened. I was surprised and mortified, and not a little troubled in conscience, for *I* was the party most to blame in the whole matter. "Why had I been such a fool as to meddle in other people's love affairs?" was the question I kept perpetually asking myself. And Maud!—I could not understand her insensibility to a man of my friend's attractions. After bothering my brains with all sorts of unsatisfactory explanations to this unpromising result of my scheme, I consoled myself finally with some general reflections on the perverseness and heartlessness of the sex. But as I dozed off to sleep the thought of Emily's love softened my judgment. There were certainly *some* exceptions.

In the morning, as arranged, we returned to town. I excused myself on the plea of urgent business. There was nothing to be remarked in the parting between Clavers and Maud. He looked worn-out, as though he had passed a sleepless night. She was calm and self-possessed, as women generally are under such circumstances. I could not at all divine her thoughts, but knowing as I did her kindly disposition, I was satisfied that she must feel keenly the pain she had inflicted.

Clavers scarcely opened his lips on the way home. I could not prevail upon him to narrate any of the circumstances attending his last interview with Maud. He would not tell me what she said, and the only answer I received to repeated questions was, that she had declared "she only looked upon him as a friend of mine, and never so much as thought of him in any other light." "I have been rejected, out and out," he said; "and it was a most humiliating kind of rejection."

From that day he, naturally enough, left off visiting Revel. Whenever I went there, all, except Maud, would inquire after him, and I had to invent such excuses as I could for his marked absence. I talked sometimes *at* Maud, and dilated upon my friend's excellent qualities. At other times I represented him to be in bad health and worse spirits, but none of my arts ever moved her to any overt act of sympathy. She was impassible, as far as I could see, and I began to think her quite heartless. But I could not look at her sweet face and hold such an opinion long.

So months passed away, and this brief love episode, though its remembrance always awakened regrets, ceased to trouble me. I was disappointed in the attainment of what I had set my heart upon; but it could not be helped. There was no remedy.

It was a fearfully hot day—a glaring, blazing afternoon in July. To write, even to read, was an impossibility. I was half reclining in an easy office-chair, staring mechanically at the date hung up opposite—"Friday, July 13, 1836." It flashed upon me of a sudden—This is Charles Clavers's dark day! He will be buried in the blues, so I shall go over this evening to keep him company, and cheer up his spirits till midnight has passed.

I don't think I am superstitious, but I was certainly impressed with some vague foreboding of evil as I walked that evening, about eight o'clock, to my friend's residence. I attributed this feeling to the heat, for indeed it was frightfully oppressive. One had literally to gasp for a breath of air, of which there did not seem to be enough to float away a feather.

I found my friend at home—very despondent, but with momentary fits of excitement in his despondency. He knew at once why I came, and pressed my hand warmly in acknowledgment of the attention. The imaginary event which he believed would be consummated this day, was the one thought uppermost in his mind. We remained together the whole evening, and I indulged his morbid propensity to converse upon the most gloomy subjects he could select. I resolved to wait till the day was over, and then ridicule him without mercy for the presentiment to which he had been so long a slave.

It grew late; half-past eleven o'clock. I went to the window and looked out, for the atmosphere had insensibly grown even denser and more sultry.

"Good!" I exclaimed; "here is a storm coming up which will clear the air. Clavers, your fatal 13th is nearly over, and yet no great misfortune has overtaken you yet." I turned toward him with a laugh.

He was deathly pale. "Hark!" he said, "do you hear that?"

"What? That thunder! It's a delightful sound on such a night as this. Surely you are not going to be alarmed at thunder!"

"I don't know," getting up in a wild, confused way, and walking up and down the room hurriedly; "I feel queer. It is now half-past eleven; I wish to God the day was over."

The storm came on apace. I stood at the window and looked out upon the splendid spectacle. The rain poured down in torrents, and the thunder followed fast upon the startling flashes of lightning. We were both spell-bound, and neither spoke.

One streak of forked lightning more vivid and prolonged than the rest, illumined for some seconds earth and sky in a blaze of living fire. I closed my eyes, for it was too dazzling to witness. The sound of my friend's footstep ceased, for he had been continually pacing up and down the room, and then, all minor noises were drowned in a terrific peal of thunder that shook the house.

"That must have been right over head," I said. No answer.

I turned round uneasily. He was standing in the middle of the room with his hands over his eyes.

"Clavers!"

No answer.

I walked up to him and took hold of his wrists. He gave a low child-like cry.

With some little force I removed his hands from his face. He was very, very pale. His eyes wandered about with meaningless expression. I was very much alarmed.

"Clavers! Clavers! what is the matter?"

Poor old fellow! I shall never forget the deep sob that rose from the bottom of his soul and convulsed him from head to foot. He shook terribly, as he cried out with an agonizing cry, "I can't see; I shall never see more, never, never more: I am blind—blind—blind!"

And so it was, that the lightning which flashed past me, as I stood by the window, had reached him and deprived him of his sight forever! This, then, was the doom of which he was forewarned! The mystery is beyond our comprehension. We see these things through a glass darkly; let us not try to understand them, for it would be in vain.

Time passed, and Charles Clavers became in a measure reconciled to his hard fate. He consulted many eminent men of science, but they could give him no hope. Of all his friends, the Hethers in particular had been very much shocked by his affliction. One evening they came to town on purpose to see him. I was anxious that they should show him this little attention, and I accompanied them on their visit. Maud came too; but I found it impossible to tell, from her manner, whether she came willingly or merely as a matter of duty. She was very reserved on the subject of my friend.

He was lying on a sofa in ill-health and spirits. A flush spread over his face as his visitors entered. Maud's paleness betrayed how deeply her feelings were touched. She shrunk behind her sisters, and did not essay to come forward, even after they had greeted the blind invalid with all the words of sympathy at their command.

We turned to her in some surprise. "Maud," I said, half angrily, "are you not going to recognize or speak to your old friend?"

She still stood motionless, as though entranced, steadily gazing at his sightless eyes. She did not seem to notice our presence. She moved forward a step or two doubtfully; her face, at first pale, now blushed a rosy red; again she paused, and then, in a firm, resolute manner, advanced to the couch, knelt down, and, to our speechless astonishment, put her arms gently round his neck and her lips to his ear.

We could not hear what she said, but we could have no doubt as to its purport.

He was the first to speak: "No, no, no! it can not be; much as I love you, it must not be."

Though still in a whisper, her voice became distinct in its pleading earnestness. "It shall be, Charles." Then, putting her face close against his, "You can not send me away *now*; let my eyes serve you for evermore as a second sight; they will be faithful and true as your own ever were!"

Could mortal man, and that man a lover, long resist such pleading? My own eyes were dim, and I stooped to hide my emotion. When I looked up, his arms were locked round his future wife. No one spoke; no one attempted to separate them. His face was radiant; as to Maud's, I could not see it; it was hidden on his shoulder.

When she lifted her head, a glorious light was beaming through the tears that had gathered fast and thick in her eyes.

THE FLOWER-GIRLS OF FLORENCE.

IN Florence one may often see
Bright girls at sunset hour,
Who, gliding through the crowded street,
Will deck you with a flower.

Just darting on you with a smile,
"*Bon-jour, Monsieur!*" will say,
And ere you meditate reply,
She's glided far away!

But sure again that smile you'll meet
On each returning morn,
And quite as sure another flower
Will on your breast be worn.

Perchance the smile, if not the flower,
Will waken kindly feeling,
And sure I am that something says,
"Why, give the girl a *shilling!*"

And thus, from day to day, I meet
This flower-girl so smiling;
She always casts a flower at me,
And glides off—so beguiling!

It may be that my heart is weak,
Yet ne'er a word I utter;
But this I know, the flower-girl
Is sure to make it flutter.

A pleasant thing—a pleasant way
To gain a pleasant living;
But I have heard some husbands say
Their wives were unforgiving!

A POEM BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

[WRITTEN FOR A LADY OF PORTLAND, MAINE.]

WHEN in the o'erhanging heaven of fate
The threatening clouds of darkness dwell,
Oh! let us humbly watch and wait—
It shall be well—it shall be well.

And when the storm comes thundering down,
And rivers of affliction swell,
And heaven, and earth, and ocean lower,
It is—it is—it must be well.

And when the gloom has passed away,
And sunshine smiles on flood and fell,
How sweet to think—how sweet to say,
It has been well—it has been well!

CANTON, *Dec.* 28, 1854.

ONE OF THE INDIAN MUTINEERS.

UNTIL the time of Warren Hastings, Oude was a province of the Great Mogul Empire, and its ruler was called simply the Nawab-Vizier. Hastings, by plundering two of the female members of the Nawab's family, and torturing their attendant eunuchs—as the readiest way to get at their treasures—first brought Oude conspicuously before civilized people, who naïvely thought the Nawab an ill-used gentleman, when, in fact, he was a delighted spectator at the robbery of his predecessor's widows—preferring, infinitely, that they should be plundered and tortured than that he himself should be subjected to the squeezing process then so successfully introduced by the British rulers in India. For the Nawab was only an *adopted* son of his predecessor, for whose widows—the Bhow Begum and another—he had not the slightest affection.

In 1819 the Marquis of Hastings *borrowed* two crores of rupees (ten million dollars) from the Nawab Ghazi-u-dheen, giving him, as security for a debt never to be paid, a tract of barren land at the foot of the Himalayas and the title of *King*, with which his new Majesty was fain to appear content. In 1827 the first Company King was succeeded by his son, Nussir-u-dheen. Such is the origin of the "kingdom" of Oude.

At that time money was the chief desire of "the Company." Probably they have not been less ready to take it since; but of late they have had time to look also a little to the welfare of the people, by robbing whom the subject princes obtained the treasures with which "John Company" enriched his stockholders at second-hand. A *Resident* took care of the British interests at the court of Oude from the first; but for a long time he took care of nothing else—except himself. So late ago as 1837 the King used to recruit his harem by forcible abduction of the wives and daughters of his subjects; and the tax-gatherers were obliged to enforce their demands at the sword's-point; while the court was a scene of the lowest debauchery and constant revelry.

The King's favorite at this time was a low British adventurer, a barber by trade, and a man of neither education nor principle. His career savors strongly of Oriental romance, and calls to mind some of the oft-told tales of Shehazarade. He came to Calcutta from England as cabin-boy of an Indiaman. Having been brought up as a hair-dresser, he resumed this business in Calcutta, pushed and puffed himself into notoriety and success, and at last became what is known on the Ganges as a river-trader. Arrived at Lucknow, the capital of Oude, he found there the British Resident, anxious to have his lank locks curled like the then Governor-General's. The river-trader was not above resuming his old business—for a proper consideration. So marvelous was the improvement he effected in the Resident's appearance, that this great Sahib himself introduced the wonder-working barber to the King.

The King's hair, hitherto innocent of the faintest shadow of an inclination to curl, was formed into the most charming ringlets. Royalty was delighted, and the barber's fortune was made. "What shall be done unto the man the king delighteth to honor?" is a question asked at this day in India much as it was in Persia in the days of Esther. Honors and wealth were showered upon the lucky *coiffeur*. He received a title of nobility—*Sofraz Khan*—illustrious chief! He obtained the unlimited confidence of the King; became a regular guest at the royal table; received, among other lucrative jobs, the contract to supply all the European goods of every kind used at court; was made head keeper of the royal menagerie—an important post; and was soon so firmly established that he could afford to set at defiance alike the threats and abuse heaped upon him by British Indian officials.

So afraid was the King of being poisoned by his family that every bottle of wine drunk at the royal table was bottled and sealed at the barber's house, under his own supervision. When brought to the table the favorite first looked carefully at the seal, then, finding this correct, opened it and swallowed a portion of a glass himself before filling for the King.

That the barber made money is evident from the amount of his monthly bills, one of which, to the tune of 90,000 rupees—$45,000—a British gentleman one day saw approved by the King.

"The *Khan* is robbing your majesty," said this personage to the King.

"If I choose to make the *Khan* a rich man," was the royal answer, "is that any thing to you? I know his bills are exorbitant; let them be so; it is my pleasure; he *shall* be rich!"

The barber was not the only adventurer who made his fortune by favor of this dissolute Company King. Nuna, a beauteous Cashmere dancing-girl, with a soft voice and magnificent eyes, was ushered into the royal presence one evening when the usual entertainments had failed to interest. Her voice and form pleased the royal voluptuary.

"Sharash! sharash!" (bravo) he shouted; "you shall have a thousand rupees for this night's singing!"

The King went to his harem, leaning his head upon Nuna's shoulder. The courtiers made haste to pay homage to the rising star.

The following evening, after the royal dinner, she reappeared.

"You shall have two thousand rupees for this night's singing!" exclaimed the King.

And so the game went on. The King's liberality and infatuation knew no bounds.

THE BROTHER AND THE SON AND HEIR OF THE EX-KING OF OUDE, IN THEIR ROBES OF CEREMONY.

"I will build you a house of gold, and you shall be my Padshah Begum some day, Nuna!" exclaimed the King, one evening.

The court bowed before the humble Nautch girl. Even the barber and the King's wives found it expedient to pay attention to the royal favorite.

A week of some religious festival interrupted the festivities of the court. After this interval, Nuna again appeared before the King.

"Boppery bopp!" exclaimed his Majesty, yawning, as he gazed on her; "she wearies me. Is there no other amusement? Let us have a quail-fight, Khan!"

"I wonder how she would look in a European dress?" said the King, finally, speaking half to himself and half to the barber who sat near him, and looking curiously at the poor Nuna.

The hint was sufficient. A gown and other articles of European female apparel were procured from the barber's house—he was a married man—and Nuna was bidden to retire and put them on. When she reappeared, the King roared out in the most boisterous laughter. The transformation was complete. The poor girl, all grace and beauty in her flowing Cashmere robes, was now awkward and dowdyish in the extreme. The clothes hung loosely about her person. She stood silent before the King, bitter tears of mortification coursing down her cheeks. Thus she appeared day after day, for weeks and months, the sport of the King, and of the courtiers who had before been all attention and submission toward her. No intercession with King or barber availed to relieve her from her forced attendance upon the King. At last, after months of the bitterest humiliation, she disappeared. Probably she had been given as a slave to one of the royal wives. The King henceforth ceased to recollect the name, even, of her who had been once the delight of his eyes.

Such a career of dissipation as that indulged in by this "Asylum of the Universe," as the King of Oude chose to be called, necessarily drained the treasury and ruined the subjects of the finest country. What with dancing-girls and singing-girls, and other royal favorites, male and female, all making their fortunes from the royal presents; what with a barber's bill for luxuries, amounting to from forty to fifty thousand dollars per month; what with amusements, involving the expenditure of vast sums—animal fights, in which elephants were pitted against lions, tigers, rhinoceri, and camels—hunting expeditions, resembling in vastness of trains and equipage more an invading army than an excursion for the destruction of a few wild boars and pheasants; and a system of favoritism by which thousands of rupees were daily abstracted from the treasury, even the revenues of Oude, amounting to upward of six million dollars per year, and a well-filled treasury, left by the preceding "Asylum of the World," were by-and-by exhausted. So it came about that for the last two years of Nussir-u-dheen's reign, money was rather a scarce article in the palace of Lucknow.

Matters went on from bad to worse. The British concluded a treaty with the successor of Nussir-u-dheen, by which he bound himself to attend more closely to the welfare of his subjects. But the fashion set by his predecessor was too strong.

Nussir was poisoned, after many efforts to put his own son out of the line of succession. His mother, who had heroically defended Nussir against *his* father, took up the cause of her grandson. Finding himself foiled in other attempts, the irate Nussir proclaimed publicly that his son was illegitimate. Upon this the East India Company refused to recognize his claims to the throne.

Mohammed Ali Shah, Nussir's successor, and the third of the Company's anointed in Oude, died in 1842, and was succeeded by his son, Aboonzuffer Muslah-u-dheen, known, at present, as the ex-King of Oude. He was granted a term of years in which to carry into effect the improvements in government suggested by his masters, "the Company." But he too was inactive; and, finally, the Company found it expedient to destroy the kingdom they had raised up—give the ex-King and his relatives large pensions, and take the government into their own hands. The pensions amount to $750,000 per annum.

Last year public attention was recalled to Oude by the arrival in England of the ex-Queen of Oude, accompanied by her son, the most youthful of the figures in our illustration, the other being the brother of the ex-King, who also accompanies the Queen. She came to lay her husband's wrongs before the British Parliament, and ask for his restoration to his rights.

In the midst of this the Sepoy rebellion broke out, and presently news came from India to the effect that the ex-King, seeing in the general mutiny an opportunity to recover his lost authority, had intrigued with the rebels, with the intention of joining them. He was at once confined in Fort William. The Queen, who seems a noble and faithful wife, immediately addressed to the House of Lords a denial of the charges against her husband. But their cause has little chance of favor when brought before the very men who have been greatly instrumental in their downfall.

Of the justice or injustice of the sequestration of Oude this is no place to speak. One thing is sure: the British *might* have taken possession of Oude long before they did; they might have left the deposed royal family without pension or other resources; and, finally, they might have treated their victims with common honesty, and respected their private property—instead of which, having once determined on the sequestration of the state, they added to this the sequestration of the personal estate of the ex-King and his family, and actually sold at auction, in Calcutta, on account of the East India Company, costly furniture and royal raiment to the value of over a million dollars, belonging to the ex-royal family. A slight like this a Hindoo noble could neither forgive nor forget. It is easy to see that such men as the ex-King of Oude are friendly to the British only while these are successful. Let reverses overtake "John Kompanny," and the most faithful of his conquered allies will turn against him.

The people of Oude have been noted from early times as among the most warlike in Hindostan. Europeans after visiting Lucknow have brought back wonderful stories of the warlike tastes and bearing of the inhabitants, the fierce-looking, well-armed fellows to be seen walking the streets of the capital, and of the abundance of matchlocks, spears, shields, and swords found in its shops and bazars. "In Lucknow every man goes armed," says a late visitor, "with matchlock or pistol, most probably, with a short, bent sword, called a *tulwar*, and a shield most certainly."

For many years the British have drawn no inconsiderable portion of their Sepoy troops from among the natives of Oude. The number was stated at 40,000 last year. These men sympathized with their dethroned King. They shared in the insults offered to his dignity, and hence they have been so ready to revenge themselves in the present rebellion.

BLUE AND GOLD.

BY the side of the broad blue sea
My blue-eyed maiden dwells,
And plays with the blue-lipped shells,
And hides in the rocky dells,
And rolls in the surf with me.

The morning with golden ray
Would gild her beauteous head,
But my charming blue-eyed maid
Unloosens her golden braid,
And shames the proud light away.

The bluebird tosses its head,
And the violet breathes a sigh,
As my maiden passeth by,
While to meet her dark-blue eye
The bluebells are ever afraid.

The goldfinch with her is bold,
And spying her radiant hair,
He hasteneth to nestle him there,
And, tuning his prettiest air,
Sings how gold ever seeketh gold!

The blue waves kiss her feet,
And sprinkle her marble brow,
And her blue eyes bluer grow
Than the veins on her hand of snow,
Where the blue rivers cross and meet.

And my maiden she sings to me,
As she basks in the golden sun:
Oh, lay me, when life is done,
Where his goldenest rays have shone,
By the side of the broad blue sea!

HON. F. B. ANGEL, OUR MINISTER TO SWEDEN.

The Hon. F. B. Angel, our new Minister to Sweden, left this last week for the court to which he is accredited.

He is a New Yorker, being a resident of Geneseo, in this State. Twenty-one years since, when he was but twenty-two years of age, he was appointed to his first public station, as Surrogate of Livingston County, by Governor Marcy. He was again appointed by Governor Bouck in 1844, and discharged the duties of the office till the new Constitution came into operation, in 1847. The successful manner in which he filled several local magistracies, and his fidelity to his party, recommended him to the favor of the democracy; and on Mr. Pierce's elevation to the Presidency he was warmly recommended for an office of profit and trust. The new President accordingly selected him for the delicate and lucrative post of United States Consul at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, and he departed early in 1853. Unfortunately, influences were brought to bear upon the Senate which induced that body to reject his nomination, and after a few months' incumbency of the consulate he was superseded.

This appears to have been Mr. Angel's only national service. He has twice narrowly escaped going to Congress: once in 1852, when he declined the nomination in favor of Hon. George Hastings; and again in 1856, when he ran, but shared the defeat of his party.

Mr. Angel is favorably known as a writer for the press. During his travels in Europe and Asia—which beguiled the disappointment he met with at the hands of the Senate—he published full accounts of what he saw, which established for him a reputation as an able writer and a close observer of men and things.

In his own district, where he is known, Mr. Angel is popular, and his friends predict for him a bright future. He will not probably enjoy many opportunities of distinguishing himself in the modest post to which he has been assigned; but there appears every reason to believe that what he has to do will be done well and faithfully. It is possible that the new relations between Sweden and the maritime powers, growing out of the consequences of the late Russian war, may confer upon our representative at Stockholm more importance than he has hitherto possessed. We have every reason to hope that such a contingency would be judiciously improved by Mr. Angel.

MAJOR GARRETT DYCKMAN AND THE GOLD BOX WHICH HE DID NOT GET.

We beg to present our readers with a portrait of that gallant soldier, Major Garrett Dyckman, who has been pronounced by the Common Council of the city to be the bravest son of New York; likewise with a view of that famous gold box, which the said Major Dyckman so nearly got as a reward for his bravery. It is hard to say which is the more interesting object, the Major or the Box.

The Major was born, we are told, in this city, in the year 1814; the Box did not come into existence till five years later, on the occasion of a visit paid to New York by General Jackson, and (in the language of the Corporation of that day) "as a testimony of respect for the respect borne by the Common Council of New York for his military achievements, the splendor of which has been surpassed only by the great and lasting benefits they have secured to the United States."

From this time forth the career of the Box was tranquil and unobtrusive. No doubt it was gratefully contemplated from time to time by its great possessor. It was sometimes shown to visitors. It was curiously handled by the guests of the Hermitage. But in all this there was nothing disrespectful to the Box, or inconsistent with the peaceful dignity befitting so august a relic. Very different was the career of the Major. He, at twenty-one, effervescent with that martial ardor which was long afterward to bring him into proximate contact with the Box, departed on a crusade for the recovery—not of the Sacred Sepulchre—but of the rights of Americans in Texas; one of two hundred filibusters who had sworn to punish the Mexicans or perish in the attempt. Unhappily for the endeavor, the captain of the bark which bore these mighty men lost his reckoning by the way—as might well happen to one engaged in so heart-stirring an enterprise: instead of landing his gallant freight at Metagorde Bay, according to the charter party, he missed that point by the trifle of 180 miles, and thrust the unsuspecting warriors into a cove on the Bahamas—into the very jaws of the British lion. That rampant animal, not unnaturally roused by a descent of two hundred well-armed braves upon his demesne, forthwith seized them all and conveyed them to Nassau to be tried. One can picture the exultation of John Bull at catching two hundred filibusters in the flesh—heroes in *posse*, martyrs in *esse*. How they were all lodged in vile prisons; how they were subjected to contumely, and actually tried as pirates; how John Bull had apoplectic fits at sight of them, and the British lion lashed itself into wild frenzy at the bare idea of their existence; and how, notwithstanding the frantic appeals of the Bull and the Lion, they were all—including the future Major—honorably acquitted at last, and permitted to return to their anxious homes; every one conversant with the long list of outrages upon our flag—and who is not?—is perfectly well aware.

For ten years thereafter the Major and the Box lived in calm retirement and mutual unconsciousness. The one was transferred by its owner's will to the hands of Andrew Jackson, Jun., as Trustee for the bravest son of New York; the other passed from the precarious service of Freedom and Civilization in Texas to that of the people of this city, we believe in a peaceful legal capacity. Years did not, however, extinguish his thirst for glory. How the caitiff enemy quaked when the news went forth that Garrett Dyckman and his friends had organized the "Independent Tompkins Blues!" The Box might sleep in fancied security; but the Man was drawing nearer it at every stroke.

And now the war with Mexico threatened the very existence of the Republic of the United States. Nothing but the most strenuous exertions could have saved the American people from perpetual slavery. Had they but faltered an instant, it is quite certain that Santa Anna with his frightful lancers would have conquered the country from Florida to Maine, and made himself President of the whole, or mayhap Emperor. At that awful crisis—the hand of Destiny leading him toward the Box—Garrett Dyckman devoted himself for his country. He became Captain of Company K, in the New York Volunteers. He went out to Mexico. He landed on the beach, and skirmished with the enemy. He fought him on the sand plains, and he fought him in the bushes. Let him hide where he pleased, Dyckman was upon him. Once the vile Mexicans thought they had him. Dyckman and Company K were separated from their comrades by a distance of about a mile; six hundred lancers charged down, exultant in the sunshine. Visions of glory floated before their leader's eyes as he pictured his return with Dyckman and the K's on the points of their lances. But the Man was not to be frightened by Mexicans or spitted by a lance. He gave the cue to the K's, formed them into a square with their points outward, and peppered the lancers till they were fain to run off. Onward then went the K's, where glory led them; to Cerro Gordo, to Contreras, to Cherubusco, to the Halls of the Montezumas. But alas! their brave chief did not lead them to the last of their achievements. At Cherubusco a miscreant Mexican ball entered the shoulder of the gallant Captain as he led a charge, and laid him on the sod. His men left him for dead on the field. The surgeon (blindly unconscious of Destiny and the Box) declared he must die. Colonel Baxter wrote the Blues a very blue letter indeed. His men paused in their glorious career to mourn him.

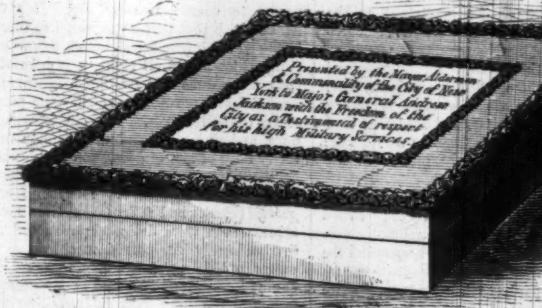
Blind blundering! Instead of the ball carrying him off, he carried off the ball; he has it still somewhere in the vicinity of his thorax, where it may be found by any judicious explorer.

The cup of fame being full; the country being comparatively safe; Santa Anna's prospect of subjugating the United States being for the time somewhat dimmed; and the claim to the Box being established; it only remained for Major Dyckman to return to the bosom of his native land, and to wait for Time and Destiny to work out their ends. Which he did.

The rest of this memorable history hath been freshly told in "Document No. 17" of the Board of Aldermen of this city.

"Document No. 17" is glory enough for any Common Council of ordinary ambition. It is Alderman Peter Monaghan's story of the Box and its vicissitudes. It begins by stating that "the subject of a gold box was originally brought out by the Common Council of 1819, who presented one to General Jackson." After alluding to the General's will, the Mayor's message, and the correspondence with Andrew Jackson, Jun., it goes on to say that the Committee "invited General Winfield Scott, who honored them with his presence, and which your committee are free to confess was a high compliment paid them." Neither General Scott nor any of the Brigadiers choosing to give an opinion as to who was the most valiant and brave of the New York Volunteers, the Committee took evidence. A brevet Major "arose for the purpose of correcting some errors in regard to ——, and for which he came to deny and say was untrue; that —— *acted noble and brave.*" A Lieutenant deposed that "all *done* their duty, but on one occasion —— more distinguished himself than any of the rest." After a patient discussion of a number of witnesses, the committee sagely concluded that "it was impossible to arrive at a decision." At that critical moment, when the Box was about to fade forever from view, a Sergeant Major appeared, and told his story; the committee thought at last "they had found the very man the donor intended the Box for," and were elate accordingly. But on further inquiry it appeared that the candidate in question was his own trumpeter as well as Sergeant Major. He was dropped. Several other candidates were proposed and withdrawn; and at last Major Dyckman loomed up. The Box quivered; its time had come. Every body testified that Dyckman was as brave as any one else, and two witnesses—keen judges of bravery, no doubt—said "he was the bravest man in the war." "No other claimant had a witness to testify that his favorite was braver than any one else;" and so the Committee pronounced Major Dyckman to be the winner of the Box. Not that the Committee intended to slight Major Dyckman's comrades; on the contrary, "in *contemplating upon* the bravery of the New York Volunteers" the Committee avowed that they were all "always in the front ranks in the time of danger, encouraging their comrades on the bloody field, and exhibiting upon all occasions the most intrep-

HON. F. B. ANGEL, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SWEDEN.



THE BOX.

MAJOR GARRETT DYCKMAN.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

id coolness, perfect self-possession, and undaunted courage." A terrible set of fellows, surely; yet Major Dyckman was the bravest.

So Alderman Peter Monaghan wrote to Andrew Jackson, Jun., stating what had been done, and adding:

"Permit me, in behalf of the Committee, to extend to you the invitation to visit our city on the day set apart for this grand ceremony, and if it will meet your approbation, we earnestly solicit you to present the same [the ceremony?] to the honorable gentleman *which* the Committee have decided shall be the recipient."

And Andrew Jackson, Jun., came accordingly; flourished the Box before the eyes of the Major and the Common Council; saw our lions for a day or two; then vanished once more to the shades of the Hermitage, with the Box in his pocket.

Let us live in the hope that it hath not fled these shores forever. Whether the Box go to the Major, or to any one else, let us be gratified with a definite selection of some one man as "the bravest son of New York." And when this is done and settled, let us have more boxes, golden and sculptured; one for the wisest, another for the most virtuous, a third for the most long-suffering son of New York; and—not a box—but a crate, a case of boxes, of loveliest workmanship and costliest material, for the prettiest daughter of our State. A judicious distribution of such Boxes would keep us all warm during winter.

A DAY IN A TURKISH COURT OF JUSTICE.

We reached the divan before the hour at which Aslan Pacha gave audience; therefore the *kaoush* who had been sent by the pacha to conduct us to his presence intimated that we were to precede him to the apartment of the *chelir ensin*, or superintendent. There Aslan Pacha sat, begirt with the robes of office.

"Khosh buldouk!" (Well found!) said my friend and conductor, Sarim Bey.

"Bouroum" (You are welcome), answered the pacha.

We were beckoned to a seat—we obeyed, forthwith. Tchibouks were presented, and, for a while, the party smoked on with proper Moslem apathy and silence.

In the Hall of Audience the crowd of applicants, who stood with their hands meekly folded upon their bosom just within the door-way, spread the palms of their hands upward, and prostrated themselves till their foreheads touched the earth. The officers who kept guard over the door pressed forth to make their obeisance by kissing the hem of the pacha's robe; but the pacha, with a condescension which brought out a burst of applause, prevented them from doing so, and offered them his hand. Each one took the proffered and distinguished boon, stooped forward, and placed it for a moment on his head.

"Lah il'l'ah el il l'Al'lah! Muhammed il resoul Al'lah!" (There is no God but God; and Muhammed is the prophet of God!) cried Latija, the secretary of the court. "Al'lah shekier! (Praise be to God!), all the earth is to come for justice to this its asylum in the presence of the Shadow of the Padishah! Let all who want justice now ask, and they shall have the gift!"

As he finished the words, an elderly Turk detached himself from the crowd, and walking rapidly across the hall, till he reached the open space in the centre, he flung himself upon his knees and murmured: "Justice! justice! justice!"

The secretary spread the parchment upon his knee, dipped the *calam* (pen) in the bottle at his girdle, and thus held himself in readiness to obey any commands of the Mirror of Justice who was seated in the divan above him.

"Who calls for justice? Speak!—we listen!" said the pacha.

"May the life of my lord be like his power, without end, and his shadow never be less!" cried the applicant. "The fame of my lord has reached even to the portals of El Masr,* and the light of his penetration discovers things hidden in the darkness of midnight. Therefore am I come, I, Suleiman, the essence-merchant in the Divan Yuli (Divan Street) of the Tsharshi, to invoke the judgment of the Reflection of the Padishah upon that Ibn Sheitan,† Kafoor, the black slave who keeps my counter in my absence."

"Good; and you shall have what is right; for am I not here even as in the stead of the Padishah, the Sun of Justice and the Shadow of the Universe?" said the pacha.

"Taibin! taibin!" (Excellent! excellent!) said the satellites near; and a low murmur of approbation ran through the court.

"My lord the pacha doubtless has heard the fame of Suleiman, the maker of the imperial essences. I have made the properties of scents my study, until I defy all the competition of the Tsharshi; and the science of the Franks is but as an atom in the beauty of my knowledge of all precious perfumes. A few weeks ago, my lord's servant, after a hundred costly experiments, invented a new essence, whose excellence exceeded that of all other essences under heaven if put together. A single breath of it, my lord, was like an entrance into paradise; and but to uncover the *flacon* of gilded ivory in which this surpassing concoction was contained, gave its possessor a joy as if he had converted the whole race of infidels to the faith of the true believers. It was born of the spirit of a rose; and he who smelt this wonderful compound could hardly regain his breath, so powerful was its sweetness. This son of a burned father, my lord, stole the box in which the essence was contained from the drawer wherein I had deposited it for safety, and took it to one of the cunning Franks, who, helped by Sheitan, found out the nature of those perfumes of which it was compounded; and it was but yesterday that, while thinking there was but one flask of it in the whole universe—and that one the flacon, small as a pea, which I possessed—I had a phial of it offered to me for inspection by Namtem, the rival merchant on the opposite side. The villain is this Kafoor! My lord, he has plundered me of piasters sufficient to pave the way from hence to the Kehaba* with gold; for this precious perfume would have been welcome to every harem under the sun, and even to the houris in paradise!"

* Mecca. † Son of Satan.

"Kafoor, stand forth!" pronounced the pacha in a voice of authority. An officer led the shrinking Numidian to the centre of the room, and there left him. The negro dashed himself to the earth, and clasping his hands, cried piteously for mercy.

"Give him the bastinado," was the reply; and the shrieking slave was led to a distant part of the hall, and there, in sight of the pacha, the preparations for the punishment were made. The feet were bared, the ankles tied to a wooden rod; two men held the ends, one on each side. With the disengaged right hand, each took a thong, and commenced alternately striking a blow. The screams of the black were terrible: he rolled his eyes in agony, he pawed the floor, he bit the ground. The infliction was continued without mercy, till the pacha was pleased to pronounce the emphatic "*Themum!*" (enough). The sufferer was then released, and allowed to crawl home as he could.

"Now, who else would have justice?" asked the secretary.

An aged Jew advanced to the middle of the hall, and throwing himself upon his knees, with one of the lowliest salams of the East, began his complaint.

"I come to the Glory of the Truth for help, and shall I ask aid of the all-powerful pacha, who is as the breath in the nostrils of his slave, in vain? My lord, soon after the Bairam, I bargained with this filthy Greek, Angiolo—"

"Angiolo, stand forth!" interrupted the pacha. It was done, and the Israelite proceeded.

"I bargained with him, O Rose of Justice! to let him become the possessor of two bundles of my finest *bokshas*† for—"

"Had you paid the duty on them?" asked the pacha.

"My lord's wisdom is wonderful!" cried the Jew. "He thinks all things, and all secrets are plain in his sight, like the heavens at noonday! Who can hide aught from the Favorite of the Padishah? By the bones of Abraham, my great ancestor, should I not be witless as a dog if I sought to do so, when my lord knows all things, and his servant is less than a slave in his sight?"

The pacha solemnly nodded his head in a slight approbation, as if the Jew were hardly worthy of his august notice; and a fresh murmur of "Taibin! taibin!" ran through the apartment, to the great encouragement of Yousouff, the silver-bearded Jew.

"I took them to the custom-house," resumed he; "but Namik, to whom I always pay the tax, was absent. I drew the attention of his secretary to the two bundles of bokshas, and said that as I had an immediate purchaser for them, I would take them away, and return with the money at my leisure."

"You *did* sell them, then, before you paid the tax? Did I not understand you aright?" asked the pacha.

"My lord, it is even as you say," responded the Jew.

"Latija," said the pacha to the secretary, "write that Yousouff the Jew is to pay an avania of one hundred piasters for defrauding the revenue, and that he is to forfeit his two bundles of bokshas also to the state. Write also, that Angiolo, the Greek, is to pay his avania of fifty piasters for purchasing two bundles of bokshas of Yousouff, the Jew, knowing the same to have cheated the revenue of the Sublime Empire. Now, Hebrew, we listen!"

But the poor Jew now was speechless with vexation; and the whole court, which a moment before exulted in his applause of the pacha, now resounded with a titter of delight at his ill-luck.

"Where did you sell them, infidel?" asked the pacha.

"The bargain was made in the bazar," replied the unhappy Yousouff, wringing his hands as though he were ruined forever.

"Latija," continued the pacha to the secretary, "Yousouff, the Jew, is fined fifty piasters for selling bokshas within the city. Hebrew, your cause is done?"

"It is done, my lord."

"Latija," said the pacha, "write: Yousouff, the Jew, is to pay an avania of one hundred piasters for troubling the divan with a cause for which there was no grounds. Hebrew, your case is dismissed."

A burst of applause followed this last display of wisdom by the Sun of Truth, amidst which the discomfited Jew found his way out of court as well as he could.

An officer now led one of those old women who travel with bouquets, charms, and essences for sale before the divan. The official bowed himself to the earth.

"What complaints have you, Saider," asked the pacha, "against this woman?"

"None, my lord," said she—"none!"

"My lord," said the official, "this is Zeinip Hanoum, who has been several times before you for her misdeeds."

"Astafa Al'lah!" (God be praised), cried the pacha, "I find all of you ready enough to talk of others' deeds, but, Mashal'lah! there are few among you dare speak of his own! What have you done, Yeinip?"

"Naught, Effendimon" (my master), replied she. "Some daughter of a *kamal* has of late introduced certain missives to the harem of Saraf Pacha."

"Did you do it?"

"I? not I!" responded Zeinip. "Not that I have not in my day done such works for the young *sikdam* of the city. I have sold in the best harems toys whereon words of passion were inscribed in gold-dust upon the leaves of roses. I have—"

* The holy temple at Mecca.
† Silk handkerchiefs.

"Mashal'lah! she tells a tale to which it is a shame to listen!" said the pacha. "Do we not talk of woman?—and that is bosh" (nothing).

"So you all say," pursued the imperturbable Zeinip. "Look you, my lord; Zeinip has not lived so long but she knows how to discover a diamond from a cinder, and false ire from real passion. See here, my lord, I have all precious things in my basket. What shall I show you, Effendimon? I have silk shawls encircled with love-ballads from Hafiz; I have gums of Araby, and spices from the far lands beyond the sea; I have analis whose frames are traced with gentle words; and I have calams whose language, if they be used discreetly, shall be softer than the breath of the rose; I have bouquets to protect from the evil eye; I have charms and rings, and amulets and spells. I have one in particular that I will show you, Effendimon: it is in the form of a box, containing both essences and philters, and at the bottom is a spell by which, if the box be left uncovered at the fountain for one night at the decline of the moon, on the morrow, one hundred piasters will be found at the bottom."

"Inshal'lah, your secret is well worth the learning, Zeinip," said the pacha.

"My secret I can not give—the box I can," returned Zeinip, handing it up.

"Latija," said the pacha, as he received the spell, "write: Saider, the officer, is fined fifty piasters for making a false charge against a good Moslem."

This sentence being duly recorded, the Sun of Justice was prepared to lift up the light of his countenance upon some new suitor. One quickly came. A young woman, whose dress and manners evidently betokened that she belonged to the first rank of Osmanli society, was led in by a superior officer from one of the private apartments beyond the hall. There she had been staying till an opportunity for stating her cause arrived, for she was of too high a class to mingle with the indiscriminate throng at the door.

"Holy Prophet!" muttered the pacha to the cadi in an under-tone, "but the young houri, after the old one, is like a sight of the seventh heaven! Has she come to complain of her last purchase in the Tsharshi, or to ask for a fitting maintenance from her husband? Bosh der! (No matter.) Bak ahloum!" (We shall see.)

Again the pacha looked with furtive and covered gaze upon the fair young creature before him. His face moved not a muscle, but yet, with Turk-like secrecy, his eyes watched every motion of the picture. She was young, and very pretty, as the wives of those Osmanlis, whose station gives them power to choose, usually are. Her dark eyes flashed with that brilliance which so fascinates one in the Turkish female; although to any man whose sympathies are at all right, it is painful to know that, to produce this strange brightness, she uses artificial and pernicious means—the poisonous essence of belladonna. The cheek was pale and pure, and though so jealously hidden beneath the misty folds of her *yashmak*, you could easily see the beauty of every feature, and even the pink spot in the centre of each cheek. The long sleeves of her *feridje* (cloak) had fallen back, thus revealing her arms, which were delicately moulded, and stainless as newly sculptured marble. A wreath of pearls and flower-sprays confined part of her hair behind; but much of it had been suffered to break free, and the long dark curls, falling around her shoulders, formed a picturesque contrast to the pale loveliness of her complexion. A pretty little foot, incased in its embroidered slipper, just peeped out from under the folds of her large flowing *shalwar* (pantaloon) of pale yellow and violet silk.

She was of the highest rank, as has been said; and I noticed that she began her petition very differently from any who had preceded her. She pronounced a dignified "Salam Aleikoum!" (Peace be with you!) to the Pacha, and then commenced her recital—while she held up the forefinger of her right hand in a gesture of pretty command, and emphasizing any sentence of special import by slowly moving it.

"My lord the pacha," began she, "I claim the protection of your authority against my husband. I—"

"Inshal'lah," interrupted the pacha, "a woman has no right to dispute the wishes of her husband, unless it be a case of *devanitij* (idiocy) or of *scaradam* (cruelty). He is her lord and master, and knows all things; and she is a bosh, and less than bosh (nothing, and less than nothing), in his sight."

"Wal'lah! and a *devani* (an idiot) and a *scaradi* (cruel man), too, he must be, or he would not try to oppose his wife's wants when her cause is just, and she has done naught to offend him. I had a slave, my lord, named Zaida Hanoum. She was mine before I married my husband, and he has no right to her. He began to look upon her with unblushing face and saucy eyes, and I chose it not. I sent her away to the house of my friend, Selima Hanoum, but he found her out and brought her back!"

"Why did you not show him the bottom of your slipper?" asked the pacha, much moved at this injustice to the young wife.

"I did, my lord," replied the Hanoum; "and once I was minded to apply it to his ears, but I refrained!"

"Guzel, guzel!" (Very good, very good!) replied the pacha. "The cause must indeed be serious when a wife can be suffered to apply her slipper to the ears of her husband! By your patience, I know that you are in the right—for such can always keep their temper. I will send a script to your husband," pursued the pacha, as he saw the Hanoum taking out a well-filled purse. "No wife shall be unjustly troubled by her husband's fancies whilst the Favorite of the Padishah sits in judgment here!"

The purse was handed to the secretary, who in turn handed it to the pacha.

"I know not what the costs are," said the arch young Hanoum; "but I require no deductions from my gift. If any remains, let it go to the secretary, or any one else in court who may choose it!"

The Hanoum made a dignified salam—the pacha graciously returned it—and then she passed out of court. This case disposed of, the pacha declared that he was so much fatigued with the duties of his office, that he really could sit in the divan no longer. The cadi therefore took his place. Slowly and solemnly as he had been led there, the nefers now supported Aslan from the Hall of Audience. We followed, perfectly satisfied with our Day at the Divan.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Why is a chicken-pie like a gunsmith's store? Because it contains fowl-in pieces.

A Western editor closes a pretty long article by saying, "We have no rum for further remarks to-day." He had better send out and get some, if he can't manage to write without it.

The man whose heart was in the Highlands, went up there the other day and got it.

When a man can not contain himself, is he too large or too small?

A sentimental chap in Rhode Island intends to petition Congress for appropriations to improve the channels of affection, so that henceforth the course of true love may run smooth.

During a late thunder-storm at Greenville, South Carolina, the lightning struck a mill, knocking over two slaves who were at work in it. As soon as they regained their feet, the first exclamation of one of them, in great surprise, was, "*Who fire dat gun?*"

The Springfield *Republican* tells and professes to believe the following dog-story: "A gentleman left Holyoke on Friday afternoon for this city in a buggy, taking a favorite dog with him. As they progressed toward Williamsett the gentleman amused himself by plaguing the dog, till he had got the animal in a state of complete worry. Presently the gentleman's hat blew off, and he went back after it, leaving his horse and buggy standing in the road; then the dog took advantage of his master's absence to jump into the buggy and start the animal, who trotted gayly toward the river, followed by the gentleman yelling "Whoa," to no purpose. His faithful dog now took a position upon the seat, where he could keep an eye on his master and another on the steed, to see fair play in the race. They approached the Connecticut River, into which the waggish brute drove, and, keeping his seat, floated out behind the horse, who swam, after getting beyond his depth. They were seen, at this juncture, by persons on the south shore, who put off in a boat, and got them safely to land—the dog in high glee at his successful experiment in driving—and then went back after their owner, who will, no doubt, leave that dog behind next time he goes to ride. The best of this story is its truth.

Intemperance is a habit that is almost certain to result in failure. Even the moderate use of alcoholic stimulants to the man whose business requires a clear intellect and constant prudence is attended with danger. It clouds the perception, and creates a feeling of boldness and recklessness that may, in a moment, thwart the best-laid plans of years. The business man who indulges at all in artificial stimulants can never be sure of himself.

Punch says that the reason why editors are so apt to have their manners spoiled is because they receive from one correspondent and another such a vast amount of evil communications.

Be just, then generous. Benevolence is a great duty, by which you not only benefit the object, but feel a sensation of joy in your soul worth more than gain.

He who never misbehaved either in joy, in grief, or surprise, must have his wisdom at command in a manner almost superior to humanity, and may be pronounced a true hero.

A clergyman, not thirty miles from Boston, who was noted for his nicety of pronunciation, went to a shoemaker and engaged a pair of boots to be made. A few days after he inquired if the boots were ready, and was answered in the negative.

"Will they be ready by next *Chewsday?*" asked the clergyman.

"Don't think they will," quoth the waggish man of the last; "but you may be tshure to have them on the following *Chatterday!*"

At a sale of paintings at Horncastle, the portrait of Archibald, Duke of Argyle, by Ramsay, was offered, and in answer to an inquiry how a small injury to the canvas had happened, the auctioneer related the following anecdote: The portrait had been hung in a bedroom, which was on one occasion occupied by a female domestic. The girl, fancying that the Duke of Argyle eyed her too closely one morning, became indignant, and seizing a poker aimed a blow with the intent of putting the Duke's eye out. The poker missed the eye, but perforated the canvas close to the face.

Holmes asks himself a couple of questions, and answers them thus:

"Where, oh where are life's lilies and roses,
Nursed in the golden dawn's smile?
Dead as the bushes around little Moses,
On the banks of the Nile.

"Where are the Marys, and Anns, and Elizas,
Lovely and loving of yore?
Look in the columns of old Advertisers—
Married and dead by the score."

A short time since a little boy of four summers was carefully examining some pictures, among which was one of the tomb of Washington. Taking the picture up, he asked his mother "who that picture was." He was told that it was the picture of Washington's tomb. The little fellow thought a moment, and looking up, said, "Mother, I don't see how they ever got so *great a man as Washington into a tomb!*"

A young and pretty girl stepped into a store where a spruce young man, who had long been enamored but dared not speak, stood behind the counter selling dry goods. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened every thing; at last she said,

"I believe you think I am cheating you."

"Oh, no," said the youngster, "to me you are always *fair*."

"Well," whispered the lady, blushing as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so *dear*."

One of the most perfect illustrations of "sauce," in its popular sense, with which we are acquainted, is conveyed in the reply once given by a French curé to his bishop. It is a regulation made by canonical law, that a priest can not keep a female servant to manage his household unless she be of the assigned age of at least forty years. It once happened that a bishop dined with a curé, at whose house the prelate had arrived in the course of a visitation tour. On that occasion he found that they were waited upon by two quiet, pretty female attendants, of some twenty years each. When diocesan and subordinate were once more alone, the former remarked on the uncanonical condition of the household, and asked the curé if he were not aware that, by rule of the Church, he could maintain but one *menagere*, who must have attained at least forty years.

"I am quite aware of it, monseigneur," said the rubicund curé, "but, as you see, I prefer having my housekeeper in two volumes!"

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, Sept.* 28, 1857.

THE week has been one of panic, and as we write, the culminating point seems as far as ever from being reached. Money is worth 3 per cent. a month on the best securities, and the banks of Pennsylvania, Baltimore, Wilmington, and New Jersey have suspended payment. Reference is made to the financial events of the week in another column.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, September* 28, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets were quite depressed and unsettled during the week. The pressure for money had a very unfavorable effect. Breadstuffs were in fair supply, and as holders generally evinced much eagerness to sell, prices declined considerably, though a pretty brisk home and export inquiry existed up to Saturday. The market closes decidedly dull, with a downward tendency. We quote: Ordinary to extra State Flour $5 15 @ $5 60; superfine to fancy Western do. $5 10 @ $5 50; fancy to extra Genessee do. $5 70 @ $7 75; extra Western do. $5 50 @ $8 00; ordinary superfine to extra Canadian do. $5 25 @ $6 90; mixed to choice extra Southern do. $5 35 @ $7 75; fine to Superfine Rye Flour $4 00 @ $5 25; Corn Meal, $4 15 @ $4 20 for Jersey, and $4 40 @ $4 50 for Brandywine, per barrel. Wheat closes at $1 20 @ $1 50 for White, and $1 00 @ $1 32 for Red, per bushel. Corn leaves off at 75 c. for mixed Western per bushel. Rye at 80 c. per bushel. Barley at 80 @ 90 c. per bushel. Oats at 45 @ 47 c. for Western; 42 @ 44 c. for State; 36 @ 40 c. for Jersey and Pennsylvania; and 32 @ 36 c. for Southern, per bushel. Cotton is quiet at old prices. Middling Uplands 15¼ @ 15½ c.; do. Gulfs 15¾ @ 16 c. per pound. Stock about 7000 bales. Provisions were rather sparingly dealt in, and they close quietly. We now quote: Mess Pork $25 00 @ $25 25; Prime do. $19 75 @ $20 00, per barrel; Hams 11½ @ 12½ c.; Shoulders 11 @ 11½ c.; Smoked Bacon 14½ @ 15 c.; Lard 14¾ @ 15 c., per pound: Repacked Western Mess Beef $14 75 @ $16 00; Beef Hams $22 00 per barrel; common to choice State Butter 17 @ 25 c.; Cheese 7 @ 9½ c., per pound. Groceries were inactive, and prices favored Buyers. Hides were heavy and drooping, with a stock in first hands of over 207,000 Ox and Cow, against 96,000 same time a year ago. Leather was quiet, and prices were somewhat unsettled. Hops were dull and declining. New 8 @ 11 c.; Old 4 @ 7 c., per pound. New Crop River Hay was in good demand, and was firm. Naval Stores and Oils continued heavy and lanquid. Domestic Whisky was freely offered, and closed tamely at 24 c. per gallon. No important change occurred in other articles.

Freights were reported quiet, with a downward tendency in rates. For Liverpool—Cotton, $^5/_{32}$d. @ $^7/_{32}$d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 3d. @ 1s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 6d. per bushel; Beef, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per tierce; Rosin, 1s. 3d. @ 1s. 6d. per barrel; and Heavy Goods, 15s. @ 22s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations.

The Live Stock Market was generally firm for Beeves, for which a good inquiry prevailed. First-class Cattle were scarce, and prices of such evinced slight improvement. The range at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 7½ for the poorest to 12 c. for first quality per pound. The total receipts of Cattle during the week were 3635, or about 100 more than the weekly average of 1856. Other kinds of stock were in fair supply, with no material change in demand or in selling rates.

The Country Produce Markets are amply stocked with Vegetables, which are now quite low in price. The demand is good for desirable varieties. The Fruit supply is inadequate to the requirements of buyers, and prices rule high. Other commodities are essentially unaltered.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 50	@	$5 00
Blackberries, per 100 quart boxes	$25 00	@	—
Whortleberries, per bushel	$1 50	@	$2 00
Peaches, per basket	$1 50	@	$3 00
Plums, per bushel	$3 00	@	$5 00
Pears; common to good, per barrel	$1 50	@	$5 00
" prime to extra, per barrel	$6 00	@	$16 00
Potatoes, new, per barrel	$2 00	@	$3 25
" sweet, per barrel	$2 50	@	$3 50
Onions, new, per 100 strings	$3 00	@	$3 50
" per barrel	$1 35	@	$2 00
Turnips, new, per barrel	50	@	$1 50
Tomatoes, per basket	25	@	37
Squashes, new, per barrel	$1 25	@	$1 50
Watermelons, per 100	$2 00	@	$25 00
Beets, per 100 bunches	$1 00	@	$2 00
Cucumbers, pickles, per 1000	$2 00	@	$2 50
Cabbages, per 100	$1 00	@	$3 50
Cauliflowers, per dozen	87	@	$1 00
Chicory, per 100	75	@	$1 00
Parsnips, per dozen bunches	37	@	44
Carrots, per 100 bunches	$2 00	@	$3 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	50	@	$1 75
Beans, per basket	37	@	50
" per bushel	50	@	62
Corn, per 100 ears	50	@	75
" Sweet, per 100 ears	50	@	75
Leeks, per 100	$2 50	@	$3 00
Celery, per dozen	75	@	$1 00
Garlic, per 100	$7 00	@	—
Peppers, per 100	37	@	50
Cranberries, per barrel	$8 50	@	$9 00
Butter, Western, per pound	14	@	19
" State, per pound	17	@	25
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	16	@	—
" Western, per dozen	10	@	12
Chickens, per pair	50	@	$1 00
Live Fowls, per pair	88	@	$1 00
Ducks, per pair	75	@	$1 25
Turkeys, per pound	20	@	22
Geese, each	$1 00	@	$1 50
Pigeons, Squab, per dozen	$1 50	@	$1 65
" wild, per dozen	63	@	75
Woodcock, per dozen	$3 75	@	$4 50
Beef, per pound	6	@	9
Mutton, per pound	6½	@	9½
Lamb, per pound	7	@	10
Veal, per pound	8	@	10
Pork, per pound	8½	@	10

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1200 elegant Shepherd's Plaid,
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LONDON, May 10, 1857.

TO THE PAINTERS.

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,
Rev. F. H. HEDGE, D.D.,
NATH'L HAWTHORNE,
JOHN G. WHITTIER,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
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"COLLEGE OF CHEMISTRY, *Liverpool*, April 20."

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